THE
ACADEMY
OF
COMPLEMENTS
W. Marshall, sculpsit. 1641
Printed for H. Mosley, at the Princes Armes, in P. Church-yard

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THE ACADEMY OF Complements.

VVherin *Ladyes, Gentlewomen, Schollers,* and *Strangers* may accommodate their Courtly Practice with moſt Curious Ceremonies, Complementall, Amorous, High expreſſions, and formes of ſpeaking, or writing.

A Worke peruſed and moſt exactly perfected by the Author with Additions of witty Amorous Poems.

The fourth Edition, with a TABLE *expounding the hard Engliſh words.*

LONDON,
Printed by *T. Badger*, for *H. Moſley*, and are to be ſold at his Shop at the Princes Armes in S. Pauls Church-Yard. 1641.

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To the Ladyes and GENTLEVVOMEN of ENGLAND.

IF *Cuſtome did not enforce a Compliment of Dedication; yet this Booke would deſire to inſinuat into the affection of* Ladyes *and* Gentlewomen: *ſince it can arive at*

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no greater perfection of happineſſe than your favour, which it moſt earneſtly deſires. Let other workes covet their Patrons and Mæcenaſſes, to derive from them a golden ſprinkling of their bounty; whilſt this ſhall expreſſe an ingenuity beyond ſuch vulgar intents, and in a brave and free manner ſacrifice it ſelfe to your acceptance and ſervice; deſiring onely that you would grace it

with

with the influence of your propitious ſmiles, which cary in them a ſecret power, not onely to cheriſh and advance the object whereon they reflect, but alſo to endeare it into others opinions, and make it precious in their eſtimations. In requitall of this your favour, it ſhall bee alwayes ready to furniſh you with the beſt expreßions of choiſe complementall language, for though by nature and cuſtom,

you can deliver your minds in a ſmooth and gracefull manner; yet from hence, without ſtudy, or præmeditation, you may command neceſsary Ceremonies. Beſides, your Ladyſhippe's Chamber-maids and waiting-Gentlewomen are to be pitied; who having by their good cariage compaſſed Suters, are often conſtrained to bluſh, in ignorance, for want of Complements, wherewith to anſwer them.

them. Let therefore this one instance, instead of more which might be inserted, perswade your intelligible, generous dispositions to receive this Booke once more as your devoted servant, and to honour it with your favour; which I shall esteeme as an exaltation to the supremest sublunary felicity, and the highest terrestriall happines.

Eliz THE Bateman

AVTHORS PREFACE TO the READER.

THere is no queſtion but eloquence is a principall part in a well qualified man, for to ſee a ſubtle and a quicke wit foiled in this which is the onely quality that is eminent and adornes a man as uſefull in all occaſions, it were to be in extreames,

treames, another *Prometheus*, who made a ſtatue faire in appearance, but without motion; which could not be animated without Celeſtiall fire: it is eloquence which adornes our diſcourſe, gives a grace and life to our actions, opens us the gates and dores to the beſt company, and puts us in ſuch eſteeme as well borne ſpirits ought to arrive to; without this we reſemble walking rocks, all our actions being dull and heavy, our words without effect, our conceits without fruits, and our lives diſguſted with thoſe, with whom wee ordinarily aſſociate our ſelves: to this purpoſe

in

in this litle volume feaſt thy fancy with variety of moſt eloquent expreſſions and formes of delivering thy mind to all, from the King to perſons of the moſt inferiour ranke or quality, for in this ſecond edition, Let me tell thee that thou haſt a Cabinet wherein the richeſt Iewels of our Language are lockt up, firſt thou haſt choiſe and ſelect complements ſet thee down in a forme which upon anoccaſion offered thou mayeſt imitate or with a little alteration make uſe of, thou haſt in the next place variety of ſubjects with expreſſions to the height of eloquence penn'd to quicken thy mind

mind upon the like objects presented to thy view or fancy, thou hast witty disputes, amorous discourses, with an addition of most excellent Love Poems, complementall and most sweetly harmonious, fitted to the tastes of Cupids guests, Thou hast exquisite Letters, such as containe the Quintessence of that sweetnesse our English tongue affords us at this day as it is now refined: then thou hast dedications, superscription fitted to thy owne desires for thy use upon any sudden occasion. Lastly thou hast a table of the hard English words with their expositions, in summe both

eloquence

eloquence and love with their ſecrets and myſteries are made naked and manifeſtly revealed to the weakeſt ludgement; all theſe benefits are heaped upon thee by one who is zealous for the honour of our Language, by one who bewailes thoſe weake eſſayes that have beene made by others to this purpoſe, and with griefe viewed the former haſty and ſurreptitious edition of this booke, which now is purged and perfitted to the booke-ſellers own content: read it therefore with diſcretion and deliberative conſideration, and endeavour to attaine to the quality of ſuch worth that thou

thou mayſt learne from it to cure thy dumbnes, to diſcourſe confidently with thy friends, and aſſuredly to tender thy wit and ſervice to thoſe thou ſhalt have occaſion to acknowledge, eſpecially in the Court, where neateneſſe and curioſities of all ſorts, and principally of ſpeech is to a ſillable exactly ſtudied: I will reſolve thee good Reader but a doubt or two, and detaine thee no longer from thy pleaſure; firſt thou ſeeſt not the name of the Author: if thou kneweſt the gravity of his perſon thou mighteſt well have him excuſed, next for thy country objection that down-right dealing

ing is beſt, I anſwer thou mayeſt ſomtimes be too plain in the way of thy preferment; if thou nameſt the word diſſimulation, thou erreſt, the whole heaven: this work reliſhes in reſpect of the ſubject more of curteſie, unleſſe thou abuſe it by craft: accept it then as every way beneficiall to thee, and take my wiſh with thee, that thou maiſt injoy as much pleaſure in the peruſing of it, as I had to pen it. *Adieu.*

YOURS
Philomuſus.

THE

THE ACADEMY *of Complements.* OR PEARLES OF *ELOQVENCE.*

Sir, Your conceptions are ſo ſtrong, that they tranſcend my ordinary imaginations.

Sir, You honour me, as if you did erect me a thouſand Statues.

Sir, You are above Fortune, which muſt ſtoope to your honours.

Sir,

Sir, Your deſerts draw admiration from your very enemies.

Sir, I ſhall ever as really as at this houre, remaine your creature.

You honour me ſo farre, that I imagine my ſelfe to be ſome other thing, then I have beene.

I doe repute my ſelfe happy, to be valued by a perſon, who is able to give a true eſtimate of me.

Sir, Your judgement doth amaze vulgar wits, ſince in you alone all thoſe perfections are found, can be ſought for on earth.

Lady, Your forme doth ſo raviſh beholders, that you ſeeme a heavenly creature in a mortall carcaſſe.

Blemiſh not your mind with ſuch deteſtable qualities leaſt the ſtaines of voluptuouſneſſe doe beſmeare the excellencies of your proportion.

Sir, If you proceede to be ſo profuſe of your treaſures, mines of gold will not maintaine your prodigall expences.

Good *Sir*, give me leave to feare leaſt ſome ſiniſter ſtormes of fortune ſtifle the early bloomings of my felicities.

Sir, The toyiſh conceits of your youth are

are unfit for the teſtie cogitations of my Age.

Sir, There is a confuſed Chaos of contrary conceits that wherles in my braines, and I am loſt in ſuch an endleſſe Labyrinth, that neither choice nor chance can draw mee out of.

Give mee leave *Sir*, to gaine that from your experience, that otherwiſe all the treaſures of the earth cannot purchaſe.

Sir, Should you continue to be thus exceſſive in your actions, the whole world would take notice of you, as the mirror of an immoderate life.

Bee not ſo inconſtant in your affections, leaſt in the concluſion you prove like the Marigold, to open at the ſunne-ſhine of proſperity, and to ſhut at the leaſt appearance of the clouds of adverſity.

Leave me Sir, whilſt I learne to deſpiſe ſuch Gnathoes and to ſhake off ſuch flattering curres with the flagge of my defiance.

Theſeus faire one did never more triumph at his deliverance from the perillous Labyrinth then I from the pernicious bondage of ſuch cruell beauty.

Fortune and fate place thee in the Palaces

laces of their earthly felicities.

So rarely accompliſht that it was hard to know whether vertue or beauty held ſupremacy in ſo rare a ſtructure.

Sir, being incenſed by your ſingular commendations, I am perſwaded to her only to commit the chieſeſt treaſures of my life and fortunes.

Pardon my rudeneſſe faire creature, ſince neither love nor fortune delighteth nor careth for them that are daſtards.

Madam, You are the Saint to whoſe ſhrine I daily offer up my ſcalding ſighs.

For your Beauty miſtris I may name you *Venus*, for your comelineſſe *Pallas*, for your port and honour *Iuno*.

If I want an apology faire creature, Let love and neceſſity plead for me, ſince they are tyed within no bounds.

Madam you are an object beautified with the richeſt gifts of nature, poliſht with more then terren perfections.

Tis you alone faire one that have made a breach into the Bull-warke of my breaſt, where like a gorgeous goddeſſe you command all my powers.

Feare not *Sir*, Love and fortune favours thoſe that are bold. *Sir*,

Sir, To grant you this one position is to admit of innumerable absurdities.

Madam, It is the perfection of your exquisite person, Majesticke features, and rare beauty that kindles my desires.

Mistris, Deceive me not, least while I thinke to embrace you for *Iuno*, I catch a cloud.

Madam, Take heed of using *Cupid*, so crabidly, for though he forgive and forget, *Venus* is a woman and will seeke revenge.

Sir, It is impossible that her heavenly beauty should be eclipsed with cruelty.

Madam, Though I have fought never so valiantly under the flagge of affections, yet except you crowne my indeavours with a voluntary yeelding I can never prevaile.

Mistris, If you take mee for franticke blame love, which as it comes from you as the cause so it consumes without reason.

Who can degenerate, faireſt of women, or dare to entertaine base thoughts, when he views so glorious an object?

Sir, I am desirous to be suspitious of those felicities, I feare, I shall not long enjoy.

I am out of love with my selfe, that I may admire your vertues.

The

The charmes of Magicians are frivolous to me, in reſpect of the power of your preſence.

I cannot looke upon your face, but I am perſwaded to reſigne my ſelfe up to you, as a wreath of victory.

That which blacks the *Moores*, and burns *Libia*, hath not ſo powerfull a luſtre, as the beames of your beauty.

Halfe the Court is engaged to your expreſſions, and thoſe whom you beſiege with your language, muſt needs acknowledge you for victorious.

Miſtris, Your breath is as ſweet, as if you fed only on Pinkes and perfumes.

Sir, I cannot degenerate ſo farre from mine owne happineſſe, as to forget you, to whoſe deſires alone the events of all things are ſutable.

Let me beg of you to take notice of thoſe advantages are beſtowed upon you, above the reſt of men.

Sir, If in your Imagination, I am worthy to be eſteemed of, it muſt be by your wiſdom only, which can ſet a value upon my defects.

Sir, Your favour is the foundation of all my fortunes.

Sir,

Sir, It is your presence only can dissipate the clouds of my blackest melancholy.

Sir, In the midst of all my felicities, I shall have need of you to make me happy; for without you, I shall ever esteeme my selfe absolutely miserable.

Sir, I will rather put my reputation to the adventure, then refuse to act any thing you shall command me.

Sir, I have ever reflected on you, as on an extraordinary person, and have ever passionately remained yours.

Sir, I am so taken with you, that I am even sicke at the relation of your indisposition.

Sir, I shall not bee backward in the expression of your merits, since they doe so exact an acknowledgement of all.

Sir, You shall never be able to accuse this Tenent as erroneous, since I haue never falsified my selfe to you, but have ever thought my selfe perfectly happy, to bee reputed yours.

Be carefull faire one, least being lead captive by security your mind float in the surging Seas of idle conceits, whilst the puffe of voluptuous pleasures and the stifling

ſtormes of unbridled fancy with raging blaſtes make a ſhipwracke of your beauty.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to incounter your graces curteſies with an unwearied conſtancy in the waies of vertue.

Sir, I ſhall indeavour to countervaile ſuch paines with a princely Liberality.

Sir, The trumpet of your royall fame hath moved us who are but ſubjects of your generous liberality, with all humility to entertaine ſuch noble and heroicke favours caſt upon us poore creatures moſt unworthy of ſuch benefits.

Madam, There is no object can allure my wavering eyes as your *Venus*-like beauty.

Madam, The force of your beauty hath over-powered the weakeneſſe of my fancy ſince the exquiſite perfections of your vertues are characterd in my breſt.

Madam, Were you as wiſe as *Minerva*, or as gorgeous as *Iuno*, yet the accounts of your beauty being caſt up, the gaines of his affection might be put in the eyes of your Lover.

Coy one, what happineſſe inſued the chaſtity of *Penelope*, nay rather what miſeries purſued not the vertues of A *Lucretia*? how wretched

wretched are they then that deale with *Venus* or *Diana*, ſince love is a fatall care, hate a finall calamity?

Blame me not faire one, though my fixed fancies once abuſed turne to a fury.

By thoſe ſmiles of your beauty your creature that before was plunged in a perplexity is now placed in the height of earthly felicities.

Miſtris, Pardon my rudeneſſe for troubling thus raſhly your muſing meditations.

Certainely *Madam*, if the gods as Poets ſay, made beauty, they skipt beyond their skill, ſince they framed it of greater force then they themſelves were able to reſiſt.

Faire one, let the ſhowers of your mercy mitigate the fires of my fancy.

Cruell one, if love be onely remedyed by love, if fancy by mutuall affection, give me leave at leaſt to appeale to your grace and favour, and at the barre of your beauty ſuffer your ſervant to lift up his hands in an expectation of mercy, though his life by your rigor be ſentenced to death.

Faireſt, it is impoſſibility to perſwade me to breake that legue I made with my fancies.

Sir, I am a mortall foe to affection, and now to vow my ſervice to *Venus* is unpoſſible, ſince I have already addicted my ſelfe to Diana.

Sir, Whoſoever readeth the records of the faithleſſe proteſtations of men, their perjur'd promiſes and fained loves, cannot but view a poore *Ariadne* abuſed, a *Medea* mockt, and A *Dido* deceived.

Faire one, your beauty and vertue either by fate or fortune is too deepely ſhrined in my heart.

Be pleaſed at laſt faire beauty, to accept me for your ſlave and ſervant, and to admit me into your favour as that I may freely injoy the ſight of your ſweet face, and feed my fancy in the contemplation of your perfections.

Faireſt, if my deepe deſires merit no better deſerts, then have I no other choiſe but to dye deſperately or to live miſerably.

Madam, There is a civill aſſault within me, by which I feele a certaine reſtraint of my owne liberty and affections.

It is impoſſible faireſt of women, for any one to view your features, and not to be fetterd with the power of your vertuous qualities.

Miſtris

Miſtris, I feele ſuch an alienation of my ſences, ſuch a metamorphoſis of my mind; that it is unpoſſible for me to become any other then a ſervile ſlave to fancie.

How can I feare to enter a Parly with *Cupids* faireſt creature, ſince there is ſuch hopes left of victory by the happy preſage of your auſpicious ſmiles at the beginning of Our loves conflict.

Sir, If I may continue to ſhare in your favours, there ſhall not any under the Canopie of Heaven bee more proud of their good fortunes then my ſelfe, who really am your moſt affectionate ſervant.

Sir, It is for the good of the world that you enjoy your vigorous health, ſince you are ordained for the ſervice of Kings, and the conduct of people.

Sir, I will reſerve to ſpeake of vertue, till your great workes come to light.

Sir, That which others call vertue, is the naturall habitude of your worthy perſon.

Suppoſe not I uſe the Court language, when I aſſure you I am more than any man living, *Sir,* Your moſt humble ſervant.

Sir, When I forget to confeſſe my ſelfe yours, you may juſtly ſuppoſe I ſuffer a pe-

petuall ſilence, ſince whil'ſt I have a tongue, I proteſt my ſelfe to bee your affectionate ſervant.

Sir, I will make uſe of all occaſions, to teſtifie how paſſionately I am yours.

Sir, There is no other thing remaining for me ſave the onely glory of humility and obedience.

I ſhould ſhew my ſelfe inſenſible of rarities were I not amazed with the curioſity of your beauty.

Sir, Your Heroicall qualities ſhine forth in you, as bright as day.

Madam, They that doe undervalue the comelineſſe of your perſon, dare rob Nature, and bereave Lilies of their beauty, or the Criſtall of his clearineſſe.

Sir, The vertues of our forefathers are to be eſteemed as vices in compariſon of yours.

Extremities are in other things reproveable, in this laudible, ſince they force me to confeſſe my ſelfe yours.

Sir, You are never ſo excellent a Poet, as when you ſpeake of me, ſince you have Art to invent new Fables.

Sir, Thoſe fine words, and quaint diſcourſes, with which your Ladies are delighted,

lighted, iſſue from their mouths, as a pure and innocent breath perfumed with kiſſes.

Sir, You goe through all imployments with as good fortune as noble reſolutions; neither can there be any thing above your ſpirit, ſince all things ſtoope to doe you honour.

Who can diſtill ſleepe into the eyes of lovers, whoſe cares break forth with the morning light?

Love, Art thou but a vaine name and no eſſentiall thing, that haſt thus left thy profeſſed ſervant when he hath moſt need of thy reviving preſence?

Reaſon, What art thou which canſt foreſee, but not prevent torment, but not ſuccour; ſtupifie much rather than rectifie my mind and ſoule.

What is muſicke to mee, but a dolefull voyce accompanied with the various diſcord of my ſighs?

O Love, Wilt thou now at laſt offer mee phyſicke which art my only poyſon, or wilt thou doe me ſervice, which long ſince haſt brought me into eternall ſlavery?

How long ſhall my languiſhing ſickneſſe wait upon the triumphs of my paſſions?

At laſt ô faire one, caſt the eyes of thy reſplendent preſence on thy abject creature, that by the brightnes of thoſe rayes his baſeneſſe may bee turned into a moſt high, and through thy affections, a moſt happy preferment, for being thus diſconſolate by the frownes of thy rigor; how ſoone maiſt thou raſe downe that temple which at firſt was built by the refulgent ſmiles of thy beauty?

From whence can theſe neceſſities proceed, that love hath laid upon me; moſt incomparable? *Lady*, are they by your commandement, or is it by a power from your excellency, that *Cupid* hath ſuch a command over mortals: of a certaine it is from you, whoſe faire aſpect accompanied with ſo imperious a majeſty, vanquiſheth me by him ſo far to reſigne the happines of my former liberty, as that I muſt now confeſſe my ſelfe to be your ſlave, if you thinke me unworthy of the name of your priſoner.

Cruell one, how long can I make an oſtentation of my felicity, when the concluſion even the laſt ſcene of my tragedy with horror preſents it ſelfe to thine eyes? can death and diſſimulation meet at that inſtant, when I leave the world, and my dying proteſtati-

ons

ons with thee, that for thee alone I forſooke this earth : to bee more kindly uſed there where I ſhall certainly be eaſed of theſe ſorrowes ? if there be a *Leander*, a *Pyramus*, or a ſociety of abuſed Lovers.

If thou art faire, is it to preſent thee cruell ? if thou canſt command affections, wilt thou therfore captivate them? to be beautifull, and yet terrible, are things incompetible, things that imply contradiction, yet even againſt the Lawes of nature, thou deſtroyeſt nature, and where thou mayeſt raiſe thee ſtructures to thy perpetuall honours, thou ruin'ſt them.

Moſt certaine it is faire creature, thy love may make me to ſacrifice my life at thy feet, and I may puniſh that body, which could ſo unjuſtly wound my once free and ſerene minde : but alaſſe wherein canſt thou glory? not in thy beauty, for that will vaile it ſelfe at ſo blacke an act : not in my ruines, for they will purſue thee with ſome direfull revenge : bluſh then thou faire one, ſince to be coy is to be cruell, to be cruell is to alter the property of what thou yet art, beautifull.

Faireſt, bee no longer ſo great an enemy

to my desires as to imprison them in silence.

I cannot expresse the least disobedience to your commands, but rather hope my past displeasures may deserve pity, if not my future services a reward.

Ponder my merits in the ballance of your mercy, that the unworthinesse of my deserts by the faire sufferance of your goodnesse may procure your gracious respects in my behalfe.

It is a sinne to suspect such vertue which glories to arme it selfe against all deceits.

Faire one, you have a wit which delights not to judge it selfe, and a beauty that glories to condemne others; reconcile your beauty to your wit, that the use of the one may restraine the abuse of the other, whilest we your servants live to admire your perfections, and you your selfe survive to perfit your vertues.

Faire one, what unremoveable suiter eclipses your affection from shining on your devoted and most constant servant?

Perfection of my desires, with one determinate answer blesse me with happinesse, or silence my so long continued suite.

That my desires to injoy you are more then

then to live, proceeds from the effects of my affection, the efficient cauſe being your exceſſive beauty.

Madam, The eyes of a raviſhed Lover cannot but have vertues aide ſo ready in himſelfe as alwaies to bewaile the loſſe of a vertuous conſtancy in others, ſince ſuch a loſſe by his own affections is ever placed in the very face of his memory.

By the memory of our forepaſt affection, by the oaths of our yet continued love, by whatſoever is vertuous credit mee.

Can you Sir weare a *Marſes* heart in a *Cupids* body, ſince the eyes of all ſpectators judge you fitter for the pleaſures of the Court then the tents of war?

In him it ſeemes Nature was not miſtaken, ſince whatſoever was in mankind, was in him to the uttermoſt.

Sir, It is a degree above humanity, and therefore requires the admiration of your friends that your wit ſhould ſo far out-goe your age.

Is it not ſtrange ô thou cruelſt of women, that thoſe eye of thine ſhould ſtrike him with terrour, who ſtands unmoved

with the ſight of the moſt horrible countenances of Death.

Sir, I am moſt infinitely bound to you for this ſo rare and noble a curteſie.

It is you, and none but you which I am bound to love, and therefore though I am preſented with a likenes of your beauty, yet likeneſſe of another, cannot make the ſame eſſence of your perſon, much leſſe can diſſolve your commandements of my ſervice.

The very image of your countenance and outward expreſſions of your behaviour are ſutable to the vertuous reſolutions of your mind.

Faireſt, grant me this happineſſe to have my poore affections raiſed to a Lordſhip over your thoughts.

Violence of Love leads me into this diſcourſe, in which I am not ſo unfortunate as full of deſires to be more happy.

Armies of objections riſe up againſt my accepted opinion.

Sir, Though I were to paſſe through all the ſplendors of the world to meet with you, my pen could not reach you.

Sir, Nature in you hath laid deepe foundations in reſpect of your qualities both of minde

minde and body, in both which ſhee hath made no promiſe of any mediocrity, by the diſtribution of which rare perfections ſhee hath rendred you lovely to the world and fit for the ſervice of the greateſt Monarchs.

Sir, Your imagination, when you ſpeake in ſuch high tearmes, cannot but move me to beleeve great improbabilities.

Sir, How happy ſhould I account my ſelfe, were the Characters of your Vertues imprinted in my breaſt?

Sir, No imaginary jealouſies ſhall divert mee from mine inclination to that goodneſſe, to which I have alwaies had an extraordinary propenſion, by your royall example.

Sir, I have an intereſt in your proſperity ſo farre, that I will not complaine of Fortune, ſo you have an occaſion to commend her.

Worthy *Sir*, You know your ſelfe too well, to ſuſpect me of flattery.

Vertue and Eloquence are beſtowed upon you, to make you be amongſt men as immortall.

Sir, I could not have the ambition to ſuppoſe that there could be any roome left, for you

you to entertaine a man, of ſo many imperfections as my ſelfe.

The contemplation of your vertues amaze mee.

Sir, I find in you, whatſoever may give a reputation to the Courts of Princes.

Sir, I am reſerved for your ſake, that nothing might be wanting to your glory.

Sir, You are the man whom the neceſſities of the State requires.

Opportunities would wax old, ſhould I neglect this preſent to ſerve you.

All ſpirits will prove favourable to you, ſince you have convinced them by your merits.

Your generous diſpoſition hath permitted me a longer audience, then your affaires could well permit.

Worthy *Sir*, Reflect upon your creature, with the bright beames of your generous diſpoſition.

I cannot allot more moderate limits to my ambition, or wiſh my ſelfe a greater happineſſe, then to doe you ſervice.

Your heroick acts ſucceeding Hiſtorians ſhall crowne with Lawrels.

Sir, For your ſake I will paſſe beyond the

Ice

Ice of my naturall aire, and undergoe the infelicity of cruell fortune.

Sir, There is no happineſſe on earth, but is included in your ſelfe, or in what concernes you.

Sir, Your goodneſſe doth bereave me of a voyce to expreſſe your vertues.

Sir, You cannot blame me, though I hate ingratitude, ſince even beaſts are capable of acknowledgement.

Sir, If you withdraw from me your preſence, you overthrow all the honour you have hitherto acquired for me.

Sir, I ſhall fall ſicke, for want of a capacity to digeſt your favours.

Sir, Whatſoever you undertake, permit nothing to your ſpirit, which may wound your reputation.

Sir, Of all men I dare free you from this crime, of violating the Chaſtity of Language.

Sir, I owe too much honour, to the memory of our forepaſt acquaintance, to diſpleaſe you.

Sir, For your ſake, at the ſame time I both enjoy pleaſure, and endure paine.

Sir, I muſt beg of you hereafter to have a grea-

greater care of my modeſty, ſince you enforce me, either to looſe it, or not to beleeve you.

Sir, The whole Court is ſenſible of ſuffering your name to fall to the ground.

Sir, I am ſo far from hiding my owne defects, that I acknowledge there is none ſo imperfect as my ſelfe; neither can any man arive to perfection, except he be adorned with thoſe abilities, whereof I am utterly ignorant.

Sir, I have neither power nor ability left me, but ouly to expreſſe, I am Yours.

Sir, You have anticipated me of all Rhetorick, either of being complementall, or returning you commendations for your worthy favours.

Sir, Inſtead of requitall, of thoſe vowes you offer me, I am put to a ſtand, what to anſwer you.

Miſtris, I deſire to paſſe my life in the pleaſing dreames of your perfections.

Your Courtly voyce is like an Oracle, either to approve, or to condemne me.

Sir, I am none of thoſe, who ſlight the benefits are ſhowred upon them.

Sir, I cannot light upon that accent, where-

wherewith I might authorize my own follies.

Sir, All my thoughts are your reall inſpirations.

Sir, I have no ſervile dependency but upon your conceptions.

Sir, In matters of Eloquence you ſeek out ſingularities, hitherto unknowne to any.

From the firſt minute of my acquaintance, I made haſte, as I ſhall ever, to acknowledge my ſelfe, your moſt humble ſervant.

Sir, I entertaine theſe paſſions, to the end that you may appeaſe me.

Madame, If you ſtill perſever to dote thus on your beauty; the time will come, when your face will ſcare you, more than a judge doth a fellon.

Sir, I have quitted all complacency, and there is no meanes ſhall make me ſilent.

Faireſt, There is no part of the world ſo remote, whither my curioſity, in your ſearch ſhall not carry me.

Lady, The morall of my affection, is to inſtruct you to make uſe of your youth, and to gather Noſegaies, before the Roſes wither: for be confident, when you have no further

further attractions, then an eloquent tongue no man will seeke for them in the furrowes of your face, and you shall onely be left, to bewaile the ruines of your beauty.

Sir, Suffer your selfe to be convinced by reason, since you cannot resist the same, but to your disadvantage.

Sir, You must excuse me, since I know not in what manner to suffer so wounding a displeasure.

Sir, All the water in the Sea can never purifie me from this offence.

Lady, You have no more beauty, then will serve to excuse you from being extreamly ugly.

Sir, If you grant me this favour, you shall elevate me to a more soveraigne fortune then the State of Kings.

Sir, It were as great a crime to be ignorant of the diversions that attend you; as not to be acquainted with the great affluence of noble company, daily repairing to visit you.

Mistris, In my most solitary walkes it shall be my ambition, to presume only to revolve you in my most secret cogitations.

Sir, In you alone I must commend the com-

commencements of all vertue.

Sir, In all ſhapes, and under the moſt dreadfull aſpects that can appeare, I am yours.

Sir, To returne you complements for ſuch excellent favours, were to undervalue their worth; ſince my language is too poore, and unable to lend mee wherewith to pay you.

Sir, I feare I ſhall be indebted to you all my life, for the favours I have received of you.

Sir, It is the height of my deſerts, to be paſſionately, as I am your moſt faithfull ſervant.

Sir, My paſſions cannot ſo farre tranſport me, but that I ſhall remaine, as I have ever beene, yours.

Sir, I intend not to commence any reall war againſt you; for I acknowledge my choler to be artificiall, which I am ready to lay down at your pleaſure.

Faire Creature, Painters and Stage-players are not guilty of thoſe murthers, which the darts of your eyes doe moſt cruelly commit.

Sir, I am not ſo curious as to condemne the

the whole multitude, which have loſt themſelves in the admiration of your vertues.

Sir, I will dilate my ſelfe no farther in my expreſſions; leaſt I diſhonour your goodneſſe, with my prophane praiſes.

Sir, Mine eloquence will come too late, ſince there is no precept in all humane wiſedome, which hath not preſented it ſelfe to your view.

Sir, The conſolation I have, next to the aſſurance I have of my innocency, is the liberty I enjoy, to profeſſe my ſelfe, yours.

The principall object of my intentions, hath ever bin the glory of your name.

Sir, I doe profeſſe my ſelfe yours, with all thoſe proteſtations, which are able to make truth appeare inviolable.

Sir, I proſtrate all my preſumption at your feet.

Sir, I can no longer conceale my thoughts; ſince you have an intereſt, both in me and them.

Sir, I never gave you a viſit, which cured me not of ſome paſſion.

Sir, How often with your golden eloquence, have you taken mee out of my ſelfe?

Sir,

Sir, You alone can conduct mee to the higheſt pitch of accidentall perfection.

Sir, The beames of your eminent vertues, have diſcovered to me mine owne imperfections.

Sir, Inſtead of all thoſe high expreſſions, you have beſtowed upon me; I muſt onely anſwer you, that I am your humble ſervant.

Sir, There can be no acknowledgement that I can make, can be anſwerable to the obligations I owe to your honour.

Sir, You miſtake my diſpoſition, if you ſuppoſe I affect praiſes, with the like intemperance, as I doe perfumes.

Sir, Should I forfeit ſuch occaſions, my friendſhip would never appeare, but remaine as a Recluſe.

Sir, The World would end, and Nature prove unperfit, if there were not ſuch men to maintaine her honours.

Continue to expreſſe your ſelfe what you are, that your vertue may be its owne cataſtrophe.

Faireſt, My thoughts are not ſo often here, as where you are.

The Phyſitians have not ſo farre exhauſted me, but that there are ſome drops of bloud

bloud left, to bestow in part of your Honours service.

Madam, Put on those raies of your beauty, that it may budde againe with the next Roses.

Sir, I confesse I was never more astonished, then to find such an equipage of sorrow about you.

Sir, You are adornd with al the excellent qualities, that Art and Nature can bestow, for the commanding of men.

Sir, There is not one part of your body, whereof another is not master.

Sir, It is not in my power to dispose of one single haire, since I am all yours.

Madam, You draw the eyes of all to admire you, since you are as a faire prospect, adorned with all pleasures, to allure the beholders.

You are the Cabinet, in which Nature hath lockt all her miracles.

Sir, Though I receive injuries from you, it shall be my humility, not to take notice of them.

Sir, I would visit those parts of the world, which avarice it selfe hath not yet found out, rather than loose your society.

Sir,

Sir, It is unpoſſible for me to conceale my ſenſibilities.

Sir, What violence ſoever I offer to my anger, I can no longer containe it.

Sir, You do ſo heape your favours on me, that you will not ſo much as ſuffer me to ſeeme miſerable.

Sir, Your innocent actions carry their warrant with them.

Sir, You doe not ſo much expreſſe your wit, as your Tyranny, in inflicting ſuch torments on me.

Sir, Be not confident; leaſt he whom you have ſo often injured, doe at laſt grow weary of his ſufferings.

Sir, You are the man, with whom alone I deſire to paſſe the moſt pleaſant houres of my life.

Sir, If you pretend excuſes for ſo poore a trifle, know, I am no longer your affectionate ſervant.

Sir, I ſhall hold mine eloquence as pernicious, as the perfections of a Courtizan, ſhould it prove any cauſe of your quarrels.

Sir, You uſurp a more abſolute authority over wits, then is lawfull, or reaſonable.

Sir, You ſmell too much of your Muske and

and Amber, to expreſſe your ſelfe ſerious in the waight of affaires.

Sir, My conceptions are popular, and to be intelligible among women.

Sir, Your conceits are too far fetcht, and they tranſcend the ſubject, on which you beſtow them.

Faireſt, Let me raviſh a kiſſe from your hand.

Sir, My affections ſpring not from the diſeaſes and diſtempers of my ſoule; ſince my inclinations to ſerve you, have their originall from immortall Reaſon.

Miſtris, You have a power to infuſe love and fidelity into the hearts of Barbarians.

Sir, You cannot beſtow your favours amiſſe, on him who hath ſearcht the ſecrets of Nature, and the depth of Philoſophy, that hee might not appeare to bee ingratefull.

Sir, You muſt give me leave to admire your judgement, which appeares to be farre more excellent, then your fortunes.

Sir, Let me not ſeeme to incurre a crime, ſince I am forced to extoll your generous liberality.

Sir,

Sir, You vary your ſhape, and change your perfumes, according to the diverſity of ſeaſons.

Let it pleaſe you, out of your nobleneſſe, to afford me to be your Graces moſt obedient and faithfull ſervant.

Sir, You have all thoſe excellent qualities, that are neceſſary in a Prince.

Sir, I meaſure the neceſſities, and fatalities of this world, by your contentments, or diſcomforts.

Sir, In this exigence of my fortunes, I am forc't to admire your vertues; ſince you ſtill ſet ſo high a value on your creature, who is loſt to all men, but to your ſelfe.

Sir, Your goodneſſe is as unlimitable, as the deſire I have to ſerve you.

Sir, In you are comprehended all the riches, that Nature beſtowes on her moſt glorious creatures.

Sir, I ſpeake this ſeriouſly, with my beſt ſenſe; you may reduce me to any forme.

All, who have either eyes or ſpirits, muſt place them on ſo deſerving an object.

Faireſt, Caſt one glance of pity on me, leaſt you deprive me of all conceits of mercy, with the terrible aſpect of your eyes;

which are to me the Embaſſadors of life, or death.

Sir, You are the emblem of terrour, and your furious lookes are able to conſume a Woman.

Sir, Liſt me not ſo high with your favours, leaſt you doe but fit me for a precipice, and I behold my deſcent with a greater terrour.

Faireſt, Let not your heavenly beauty, ſeated in it's royall Majeſty, draw forth the ſword of diſdaine, to the ruine of your creature.

F*aireſt Creature*, Since I am the patterne of all ill fortunes, by the force of your affection free me from all the miſeries that oppreſſe me.

Sir, You hit mine inclinations, ſince to recompence ſuch vertues were a work moſt worthy of all generous ſpirits.

Sir, Your refuſall of the title of eloquent, proves your modeſty to bemoſt unjuſt; ſince your tongue long ſince did bereave you of all excuſes.

Sir, I dare not enter the liſts with you, in reſpect of your elegancies of ſpeech; for when I would become moſt perſwaſive in my

my language, I appeare most barbarous in my expressions.

Sir, All your Rhetoricall arguments are but like blew flowers amongst the corne; which though they may seeme pleasant to the eye, prove most unwholsome to the body.

Sir, I shall alwaies acknowledge the most artificiall language, to be like a Gentlewoman adorned with Rubies and Diamonds, which glister upon her garments, whilst she her selfe wants the eyes of her body, and of her mind.

Faire one, can I pervert the powers of the planets or resist the force of the Stars? you may then conclude, I can repell these affections.

I am yours Sir, and will be yours in despite of fates and fortune.

Madam, Your excellent qualities and exquisite vertues have so assaulted the fort of my fancy that I must of necessity resigne my selfe up to you as a trophie of your victories.

Mistris, Since *Cupid* doth so fitly favour the causes of his clients, Let us not let slip so happy an opportunity.

Madam, If the wiſhes of a poore mortall may be heard above, I queſtion not but heaven with felicities will crowne your royall deſerts.

Madam, Though I have not hitherto by dutifull ſervices made manifeſt the loyalty of my heart, yet ſince I firſt framed in my fancy as in a mirror, the ſhape of your ſurpaſſing beauty with all humility; I have caſt my ſelfe and fortunes at yourroyall feet.

Faireſt, There is none upon earth doth with a more loving duty reverence your perſon and vertues then I doe.

Madam, in conſideration of my poore fortunes, let my affection appeare ſo much the more excuſable, ſince I ſo farre eſteeme of your divine beauty and exquiſite vertue as I would thinke my ſelfe moſt unworthy, though I were Prince of the world to poſſeſſe your heavenly perfections, In reſpect of any of my owne native honours.

Sir, I have learnt to know that it is the religion of lovers to ſweare and forſweare.

Madam, The parching heat of Summer makes the coole ſhades more pleaſant, and the frowns of lovers make their ſmiles more delightfull and cheerefull.

Miſtris,

Miſtris, I muſt never hope ſo intirely to love as by my affections to requite your loyalty.

Sir, She which builds her fancy upon fading ſubjects, tyes her honour to the unconſtant wheele of fortune.

Faireſt, As a pledge of my proteſtations thou ſhalt have both my heart and hand to be thine in duſt and aſhes.

Sir, You have a heart as large as the Sea, which containes in it a capacity of all the ornaments that uſe to dignifie Princes.

Strive not Sir, to bereave me of the reputation, of my honour; leaſt thoſe that ſhall ſucceed me hereafter, read my infamy upon my Tombe.

Madam, The beames of your ſunne-like beauty with their lively luſtre and ſparkling flames dazle the eyes of your amazed lover.

Madam, In the ſhady darknes of this Arbor, you ſeeme like a heaven enameled with an infinite number of Stars.

Having diſpoſed ſo many affections to do you ſervice, feare it not faireſt, your ſervant muſt of neceſſity viſit you.

Faire one, whilſt mortalls injoy your heavenly beauty, the luſtre of your reſplen-

dent eyes ſhall as the day light ſerve them for the diſpatch of their affaires.

Sir, I cannot be inſenſible of your miſeries, ſince the webbe of our deſtinies hath paſſed us both through the like misfortunes.

Sir, I am reall and uſe not to entertaine my friends with dreames and illuſions.

Sir, This your inhumane uſage of your creature ſhal never ſeeme ſtrange to me ſince the moſt fervent affections of the world oftentimes degenerate into the vehementeſt enmities.

Sir, Wee equally ſhare of one anothers diſcontents and diſſolve our hearts together as one would melt one peece of wax into another.

Faireſt, Thoſe eminent qualities which nature as a dowry hath beſtowed upon you like flowers, ſpread themſelves forth by the rayes of your bright beauty, cauſing thoſe courtſhips ſervices and admirations which ſo ſweetly adorne you.

Miſtris, Ladies of honor to expreſſe the ſincerity of their affections have breathed forth their lives on the Tombes of their deceaſed lovers.

Madam,

Madam, If I am consumed by the fires of *Cupid*, blame me not since your eyes enkindled the flames of my affections.

Madam, Exercise not the extremity of your riger upon him that suffers such miseries under the title and quality of an offender.

Know faire creature that a bright day may at last inlighten my innocency, when revengefull lovers shal search into my ashes to find out truth there buried.

Sir, These glorious progressions of your vertue will at last mount you to the highest pitch of admiration.

Madam, Shut not up these eyes from the light of your beauty, least they be perpetually opend to teares.

Madam, It is unpossibl you should ever draw to you a reputation of honour signed with the effusion of my blond.

Madam. There are those will deplore my ashes, and strow some silly flowers on the place impressed with the prints of your punishments.

Faire one, when my soule shall be separated from my body, it shall every where waite on your purified spirit as the shadow of it.

Madam, If you ſhould pleaſe to condemne me to darkneſſe by the eclipſing of the divine light of your beauty, yet I deſpaire not; but that at laſt from the ſphere of your ſplendors due to my merits, you will vouchſafe the rayes of your clemency to inlighten the duskie nights of my miſeries and misfortunes.

Faire one, though death may ſeparate our lives, yet love ſhall unite our aſhes, and we ſhall preſerve the immortality of our affections by the immortality of our ſoules.

Madam, Seated thus on your faire pavilion, you appeare like reſplendent day in the attires of a majeſty abſolutely royall.

Madam, Your goodly ſtature, well proportioned body, the bright colour of your face, the lively port and grave carriage of your perſon; all of theſe ſpeake you to be a regall branch, ſprung from ſome royall ſtemme.

Faire one, your haire negligently diſcheveld and careleſſe attire, grace forth your beauty, which ſhines forth in the midſt of ſo many obſtacles as the ſun in a winters day.

Faire creature, caſt not thoſe eyes down, neither colour your face with thoſe modeſt

bluſhes

blushes, since it would appeare most admirable, that your vertues should finde fetters in a place where they may expect crownes.

Sir, I desire to end my daies on the theater of Kings in their glorious services.

Madam, Heaven hath created me such an one, as you see full of good will, though of slender fortunes and meanes.

Sir, We have continually lived together as one soule, divided into two bodies, since our amities have taken roote in a mutuall temperature and correspondency of humours, and have maintained in us a continued familiarity which neither death nor hell shall have power to separate.

Faireſt, Our breasts shall be ever interchangeably transparent.

Faire one, dissimulation or contradiction cannot aproach the sincerity of our loves.

Faireſt, Let mee embrace you with the openneſſe of my heart and the profusion of my love, that our soules may evaporate themselves into affection.

Sir, Your favours create me againe, and give me a new being.

Sir, I shall never pretend any right to

any honour in the world, but only to obey your commands.

Mistris, the grace of speech dwels on your faire lips.

Sir, Hereafter ages shall take Palmes and Lillies to crowne the reliques of your honord ashes.

Fairest, These eyes of mine, are but emblemes of teares mixt with love.

Madam, Spred not that Cipresse vaile ore your face, least you benight your beauty and darken the bright raies of your owne curiosities.

Madam, Your beauty is a divinity left on earth to be knowne and beloved of mortals.

THE

THE ACADEMY *of Complements.*

Choice and faire Flowers Selected out of the Garden of Eloquence, to adorne our language with variety of expreſſions, upon ſeverall occaſions.

Upon his Abſence.

I Shal no longer eſteeme my ſelfe abſent from you, whilſt I hold any roome in your heart and memory.

Let not my remotenes change your purpoſes,

poſes, more than it ſhakes the reſolution I have made, to live, yours.

Proteſtations of Love.

IT is as unpoſſible for me not to love you; as it is for the Sun to forget his ordinary courſe.

So am I raviſhed with your beauty, that it will prove harder for me to forget you, then it would prove difficult to reſolve for death: and know for a certaine, that I ſhall ſtill be rather content and diſpoſed to conſent to the hatred of my ſelfe, then to the love of any other object but you.

Your ſight may be forbidden me, and you may hinder me from ſpeaking to you, but not to have the effigies of your divine beautie imprinted in my heart: and not to love and ſerve you, it is a thing not onely out of your power, but mine alſo; for I am to you, as an accident, ſo inſeparable, that you cannot be without me.

Upon

Vpon her beauty.

I Should have thought I had too much failed in my duty, had I not guided it to so much beauty; for the favour of your affections, is the sacrifice of my life.

Vanquished by your beauty, I have yeelded up the armes of my liberty and freedome, under your obedience.

Nothing shall take from my heart, but death it selfe, the faire Image of your divine beauty.

In admiration of her goodnesse.

IT is your goodnesse that hath supplied my small merit; which could not have durst to promise me the favours you afford me.

On

On her leaving him.

LOvers in despite of absence, loose not the remembrance of their Loves: they are as the Flowers; which, though trod on, doe resume their lustre at the Suns approach.

To forsake mee, when your company is deareſt to me, is no signe of true friendship, which parts not at death it selfe, since love remaines for ever.

Take pitie on all those bloudy sorrowes, which the apprehension of your absence makes me already so miserably to feele.

To accuse in a Letter.

IT is better to love with severity, then to deceive with sweetnesse.

I would forbeare to write to you in this manner, were it not, that the affection I beare you, doth force, and by its authority, draw all these words from my heart, and mouth. *Mistris,*

Mistris, The Bees are not hated for their stings, no more should you hate me for the sharpnesse of my circumstances.

We must not praise our selves, for being better than the worst; but rather blame our selves, for being worse than the best; since then I faile in my merits, give me leave to mourne for my imperfections.

Farewels.

I Must depart from you, yet shall not mine obedience be deprived of your service.

Adieu faire Sunne of my life, I leave you for this present; but be alwaies assured, that my mind, and my desires, shall never depart from your service.

Deare Love, I know not which way to begin to bid you farewell, nor how to finish this discourse, which once silenced, admits of our disconsolate absence.

Woe is me, must I needs wander away from all my felicities at once, loosing with the happinesse of your sight, the most perfect object of my beatitude?

Farewell,

Farewell, *Madam*, be alwaies fortunate, whilſt I ſhall languiſh unhappy, though moſt conſtant.

Expreſſions of Affections.

YOu can never doe ſo much for mee, but that the affection wherewith I adore you, and the faith I have impoſed in you, will prove farre greater.

Miſtris, You are the firſt, to whom my affectionate heart hath beene offered; and ſhall (if you pleaſe) be the laſt that ſhall have the poſſeſſion of it.

Doe but let me once diſcover my affections to you, and then command me to perpetuall ſilence, if you pleaſe.

You are the eye of mine eyes, and thought of my thoughts, the perfection of my defaults, the life of ~~my love,~~ the ſcope and end of all my deſires and hopes.

Beare well in mind mine affection, that though I be removed from your faire eyes, I may not be ſo from your favours.

The

The Lovers expreſſions of Conſtancy.

I Shall in loving you, manifeſt ſuch an affectionate ſtabilitie, and ſted faſtneſſe, that my loyalty ſhall thinke it ſelfe beholding to my love.

My conſtancy may eaſily ſhew you, that it hath as good an heart to dye for you, as it had a mind and deſire to live and love you.

Earth ſhall ſooner diſpoſſeſſe Heaven of his place, then that any one ſhall boaſt of loving more conſtantly than I.

I ſhall make it appeare to after times, that I am the man, who for your ſake hath made himſelfe the invincible rock of ſted faſtneſſe: for I ſhall ſtill hug my conſtancy, and never let it ſtirre from me, till my laſt gaſpe.

Upon her affability and Courteſie.

IT is your courteſie that lends me the favour, which Heaven and Nature had denyed me.

It

It is out of your generous disposition you wish me well, as it is of duty that I honour you.

Upon a Lovers Feare.

Lovers live alwaies in more feare then hope, and will sooner conceive of their sorrowes, then credit their joyes.

The feare I have, least my slender merit should take away your good mind to wish me well, doth in a sort make all those joyes imperfect, which this sweet thought of mine, made me to judge so full and entire.

On his Desires.

Faireſt, Be but as desirous of my content as I am of your service.

My desires make me as carefull to please you, as I am bound by dutie, and compelled by inclination to serve you.

I wish, Heaven that gave me the boldnes of

of desire, had likewise graced mee with desert.

To give or present.

THis I dedicate, consecrate, and offer up unto you, with the same heart, wherewith I vowed you my service.

I had rather present you with some small thing, and so be reputed ignorant, then ungrateful.

Regard more the affection, then the merit of the worke; and so accept it, not as a thing of merit, but as a testimony of my good will.

On effects of their Love.

YOu shall know one day in effect, what you now have but in imagination.

One day you wil come to know the conclusion of the irreprochable testimonies of my true and faithfull promises.

Upon her Eloquence.

YOur eloquence is able to ſteale the ſoule out of ones heart, and cary it whither it would goe.

One is no more able to overcome you with good words, then with good actions.

The eloquence of your ſweet words ſtop mymouth, and bind me to perpetuall ſilence.

Excuſes.

IN excuſing your unjuſt feare, you ſeeme to accuſe my boldneſſe.

I pray you heare my reaſons patiently, and judge without paſſion of my juſtifications.

It is for great minds to excuſe great faults.

Experience of a Lover.

IHave ſo much experience of your good will, that it only remaines, that you make tryall

tryall of my desire of acknowledgement.

I have had such tryall of your friend-ship and fidelity, that I hope you will not faile me in time of need.

Upon her face.

THe wonders of your face, made mee your captive, as soone as I saw you, and that rare grace of yours, which makes you excell all others, retained me your prisoner.

Upon his favours.

IF you judge, or deeme me worthy to favour you, hold that your merits are much more than my deserts.

I am ignorant what service might satisfie, for the favours I have received of you.

I can have no meanes, dutifully to acknowledge this favorable proofe of your faire condition, and honesty.

Upon

Upon his fortunes.

FOrtune ſtrives now to make mee pay the intereſt of thoſe pleaſures, ſhee formerly lent me.

Dame Fortune is too covetous, and uſurious, in taking from me the intereſts of my proſperity.

Upon her Hatred.

I Doe not think (though I ſhould give you ocaſion to hate me) that your good nature can wiſh me an injury, ſince you are not compoſed of any thing, but love.

Courteſie dwelt on your for-head, but malice reſided in your ſoule, and lay concealed in your mind.

On

On her Inconſtancy.

YOu uſe your friends, as one doth flowers, which pleaſe not, but when they are freſh and new.

I perceive that ardent affection which was wont to keepe mee ſo alive in your thoughts, doth now no more raigne in you.

In praiſe of her.

I Could not, without making my ſelfe guilty of irreverence, ſpeake otherwiſe to you, then in a way of praiſe.

Madam, To live with you, is to live with all the graces; for Nature hath made you the example of her liberalities.

For

For her retention of him in her memory.

DOe not that wrong to your true love, to let him ſlide out of your memory, for then he muſt appeale from your judgement, to your goodneſſe.

Keep me alive in your thoughts, as I hold you in the moſt ſenſible part of my ſoule.

On his merit.

I Could never doe ſo great a thing, but would bee too ſmall for your merits and my deſires.

Your merits drive me to love you, my humour permits it, and my content will needs have mee employ my endeavours to ſerve you.

The praiſes you attribute unto me, proceed from your will, and not from any merit of mine.

The neceſſity of his affections.

THe neceſſity of love is moſt mighty in the world: for it overcomes all.

There is nothing more inſupportable, in a neceſſitated perſon, then niceneſſe.

O how happy a thing is that neceſſity, that enforceth us to ſuch good things?

Proteſtation of his obedience.

I Shall not all the daies of my life have a will, which ſhall not obey yours.

You know the power you have over me, and that I am ſo much yours, as you can wiſh me.

To offer and preſent ſervice.

ALL the honour and ambition I aſpire at, is to ſee my ſelfe employed in your ſervice.

Your beauty alone is able to witneſſe the affection I beare you.

All that is mine, is no leſſe yours, then are your thoughts and words.

The moſt favourable gift you can offer me, is your friendſhip, which I preferre before all other treaſures.

Wiſhes.

HEaven, which heares the vowes of the faithfull, bleſſe and content your deſires.

God make you the happieſt woman that lives; even as he hath made you the faireſt, and moſt accompliſhed.

Hea-

Heaven grant you may be as faithfull, as you are deare to me.

Bewailings of a Lover.

I Doe so bewaile our separation, that nothing can ever touch my soule, like the griefe I endure by it.

The greatest griefe I carry along with me, when I part from this place, is, to see how I am for ever deprived of your faire presence.

To give thankes.

IF I have done you any acceptable service, thinke it was but the shadow of what I desire to shew you, by reall effects.

I take this benefit from you, but as borrowed; I will pay you rent for it.

Though the service I have done you, bee but small; yet the desire I have had to acknowledge the honours I have received from you, are exceeding great.

On the deceits of Love.

YOur faire eyes have too much majesty to serve for baits, or allurements of a dissembling love.

Doe not deceive him, that will outbrave death it selfe, to insure your life, and withstand the frownes of fortune to protect your honours.

On his life.

MY life is a Comedy, and therefore no matter how long it be, so that it be well acted: *Sweetest*, if the last Scene be Tragicke, your cruelty must bee the *Nemesis*.

On

On the Luſtre of her eyes.

YOur eyes flaſh ſo much lightning, that like Suns, they dazle the ſight of all ſuch as dare behold them.

You have ſo eſtabliſhed your Soveraignty over my ſoule, that the leaſt twinckle of your eyes, diſpoſeth mee of the ſtate of my life.

A tender of ſervice to ones Soveraigne.

Sir,

IT may appeare great boldneſſe in me, altogether unknowne unto your Majeſty, to hope that any beame of favour ſhould reflect on my unworthineſſe, to cheriſh my cheerefull willingnes, though with hazzard of my life, to doe you any loyall ſervice:

Yet encouraged by your royall goodnes,

that can let fall unequall, yet ſufficient bleſſings on all, I beſeech you to permit me, out of the valley of humility, to looke up unto the ſacred hill of your Highneſſe Majeſty, and at the foote thereof, kneeling to offer up my devotions, and my moſt humble ſervice; which if you graciouſly deigne to accept, as I do humbly proſtrate them; I ſhall account your favour the ſupremeſt felicity, whereof I can be capable in this World, and I ſhall bleſſe the houre, that gave me opportunity to preſent my ſelfe and ſervice to your employment, than which, ambition can have no higher object.

Another.

THat which hath beene imagined of a golden age, as an *Idea* of all perfect happines, was but a propheſie of your gracious raigne, ſhowring downe felicity in ſuch a plenteous manner, that all your Subjects are thereby invited to offer up unto you ſacrifices of thankes and obedience; while I ſhall account it the chiefeſt honour, that my birth and ſtars could bequeath me, If I may approve my loyalty, in expoſing my

my life to any danger in your ſervice.

Another.

Sir.

THough I cannot worthily deſire, nor deſerve your gracious favour; yet it wil ſhew you neareſt heaven, and that you reſemble the King of Kings, in accepting my weake and humble devotions, with the tender of my loyall ſervice. Let not the poorenes of my merit, or the oblation make them contemptible in your ſight; for I have long had an earneſt zeale, to expreſſe with what integrity I adore the vertues wherewith you are repleniſhed, farre above all flattery, ſo that your gracious raigne is but the *Galaxia*, or milkwhite path, through which you travell in your happy governement, and by examples lead your ſubjects to Heaven.

Another.

Sir, If vertue and loyalty were not to be found in ſome of ordinary quality, I ſhould bluſh and tremble at my owne forward deſires to doe you ſervice. But ſince it is a

ſigne of ſome eminent worth, not to carry poore and narrow thoughts, but ſuch as may be high as heaven, whereunto that ſoule is allied, which dedicates it's ſervice onely to God and the King: I therefore ever accounted it a nobleneſſe of mind, to raiſe and advance my thoughts, to deſire that I might ſhew my willingneſſe to doe you ſervice in ſome imployment, whereby I might expreſſe and approve my ſelfe, your faithfull humble ſervant.

A tender of ſervice to the
QUEENE.

Madam,

THe ſame ſervice and obeiſance which I offered unto the King, I doe now with as great ſtrength of paſſion and affection tender unto your Majeſty; and as I am His loyall ſubject, ſo to be Your faithfull ſervant, ſhall be the height of my glory.

Madam, My ſervice and obeyſance is ſo divided

divided betweene the King and your Majeſty, that I ſhall eſteeme it my higheſt contentment, and chiefeſt advancement, to be accounted your humble ſervant, which Title will ſatisfie all my deſires.

Another.

Madam,

There are no words ſtrong enough, to expreſſe how much I honour your Royall perfections, which render you beloved and reſpected of all the world; while I make it the chiefe imployment of my life, to attend upon your command; whom to obey, is perfect happineſſe.

An humble addreſſe to a great Lord.

My Lord,

IN regard of the many favours which your Honour hath heaped on me, I am bound, firſt to acknowledge my happineſſe therein, and alſo to deſire that you would alwaies

reckon me in the number of your moſt obliged ſervants.

Otherwiſe.

My lord,

As it is a great happineſſe for me to come to your preſence, and offer my devotions to your Excellency, from the Altar of an humble heart, ſo it will be an addition unto my felicity, if I may improve this preſent opportunity, to make tender of my ſervice.

Otherwiſe.

My Lord,

It will become me, amongſt others, to acknowledge your many excellent vertues, amongſt which your noble clemency and humility are the chiefeſt, whereof as others have had experience, ſo I doubt not, but you wil favourably accept the oblation and tender of my humble ſervice.

Another

Another to ſome great Lord.

MOſt noble Lord, as I hold it for a principall favour in admitting me to kiſſe your honours hand, ſo ſhall I eſteem my ſelfe moſt happy for ever, in that your honour is pleaſed to accept me henceforth as ranked in the number and catalogue of your moſt humble and obſequious ſervants.

Another.

My Lord, the ranke you hold with the great and ſingular ornaments of vertues, in you, doe oblige me to offer unto your Lordſhip all that little is in me, and to tender unto you upon all occaſions, my ſervice in all obſequious humility.

Another.

Moſt honoured Lord, if your excellency will be pleaſed to permit me to exercise my ſmall

mall indeavours of rendring my duty to your honour in expectation that heaven wil favour me ſo farre as to grant me opportunities, whereby I may make appeare in effect the deſires I have to performe to you my beſt ſervice.

To tender ones ſervice.

Cleodos.

Sir,

I Muſt entreat you to pardon my boldneſſe, in that I, who am a ſtranger, have preſumed to come to viſityou,being invited thereunto by the fame and report of your noble vertues, which have made me ambitious to deſire your acquaintance,and earneſtly deſirous, that you would impoſe on me ſome command, whereby I might expreſſe my ſelfe your humble ſervant.

Beumont,

Sir, *You have much honoured me by your comming,and by your words,as through a Perſpective, I clearely diſcerne the power of your affecti-*

affections, bringing you hither, where your welcome cannot be equall to my desire, nor your desert.

Cleodos,

Sir, The occasion of my comming, was for no other respects, but those due unto your merit, and by an humble addresse of service, to bring my selfe acquainted with you whom I honour, and am ready to serve.

Beumont,

Sir, *You owe me no service, but I am ready to embrace your friendship, evidently discovered by your kind visitation, which is a favour farre above my desert; but I pray let not our love breake off, for want of any mutuall respects, wherein I will strive to equall you, and ever remaine in all the tyes of love, your most constant friend.*

Cleodos,

Then I shall acknowledge my selfe most happy in my bold visitation; for to gaine your amity, is to me a chiefest felicity; not only in regard of your naturall worth, flowing from your birth and education; but also your sweet company and conversation, with which I hope you will hereafter be pleased to honour me.

Beumont.

Beumont,

Sir, *I dare not acknowledge that which you aſcribe unto me, your praiſes are but the effects of your love; but if my company, or friendſhip may bee any way pleaſing unto you, command them both, for I will be ready to wait upon you: and therefore bee aſſured of me, as of one that hath devoted himſelfe wholly to your employment, for your love and kinde viſitation hath gained me to be your true friend.*

To thanke a friend for a Courteſie.

Cleodos

SIR, I cannot give you thankes enough for your great love, expreſt in that kindneſſe you did me of late; but I hope, though I expect a while, yet at laſt I ſhall ſnatch opportunity to make requitall, and ſhew you how much I abhorre the vice of ingratitude, eſpecially to you, unto whom I am ſo much obliged.

Beumont,

Sir, *What I did, was even wrung from me by*

by the extraordinary quality of your merit, engaging me to ſhew my utmoſt power and cheerefull willingneſſe, to undergoe any ſervice that might concerne you.

Cleodos,

Sir, It is your worthineſſe, that you will not acknowledge your own noble and vertuous actions.

Beumont.

Sir, *Thoſe words would become me better in acknowledgement of your worth, wherein you farre exceed mee; yet in reſpect of amity, I will not yeeld but ever maintaine a conſtant affection towards you.*

Cleodos.

Sir, I will alwaies retaine in memory your good deſerts in my behalfe, and you ſhall know, that you have not ſowed your benefits on a barren ground, that will yeeld you nothing; for your love ſhall alwaies reape the fruits of my ſervice.

Beumont.

Sir, *Thereby you will oblige me, for I muſt acknowledge the number of your benefits doe binde me to ſerve you; but I never did you any kindeneſſe deſerving your acceptance, much leſſe meriting to bee remembred by you; yet hereafter*

after I will extend my power to the uttermoſt, to ſhew a mind free from ingratitude.

Cleodos,

Sir, That you have done already, and I doubt not but you will perſever in your affection; my care is only how I may requite your former courteſies.

Beumont,

Sir, *It is I that am troubled to imagine how I may acquit my ſelfe for your former courteſies; for if you ſtill proceed to be your ſelfe in ſuch noble actions towards me, I muſt acknowledge my ſelfe overcome in the contention of Love.*

Cleodos,

Sir, You ſhall not need to contend, ſince the former courteſies you have done me, do require that I ſhould yeeld my ſelfe to be, your humbleſt ſervant.

To entertaine a Gentlewoman at your Chamber.

Aym. *I Have brought you to a rude Chamber, but I am much beholding to you, for taking paines to grace me and my lodging; and am onely sorry, I shall not give you such entertainment, as you deserve; let me bid you Welcome with a kind salutation.*

Gent. Indeed, *Sir,* You have an handsome Chamber, fit to entertaine of greater credit than my selfe; I hope you will pardon my boldnesse for accompanying you thus far; if I did not know you, I should be suspicious of bad dealing; and some jealous braines would not sticke to censure me of too much familiarity.

Aym. *I hope you are confident in mee, that my intents are faire and noble, for I will not offend you with moving any thing that may tend to your disgrace, since my chiefest desire is to enjoy your company, and to discourse a while with you; here we have place and opportunity.*

Gent.

Gent. But thoſe are enemies to our Sex, yet I hope, you will be right and ſquare in all your actions.

Aym. *May I never proſper, If I ſeeke any thing but your own contentment; for if I ſhould make any baſe motion, you may with a frowne command me to ſilence, and your diſpleaſure would be to me above all torments.*

Gent. I doe not feare your honeſt intent, but theſe wanton Pictures are Emblemes of your roving affection; yet one of them I like very well, and would requeſt it of you, if modeſty would permit.

Aym. *Alas! theſe are but ſhadowes wherein the Painter hath expreſt ſome ſkill, but if you pleaſe to make choyce of the beſt of my Chamber, it ſhall be at your command.*

Gent. I dare not preſume ſo much, and though I ſhould embrace your offer, it would grieve me, that I could not make you ſome requitall; it does not become me to be too much beholding, by treſpaſſing on your free bounty.

Aym. *Alas! What is it that I can deny you? Pray eſteeme me at your command, and you ſhall favour me, if you make yonder picture worthy of your acceptance.*

Gent.

Gent. I thanke you; it may be, I will be ſo bold to ſend for it. Now it remaines, that I muſt thanke you for your kind entertainment and banquet, and ſo leave you, deſiring pardon of my boldneſſe.

Aym. *Since you will not be detained, I will wait upon you to your coach, and acknowledge my ſelfe infinitely obliged for your favour, in daigning this kind viſitation.*

To preſent a Ring to a Gentlewoman.

AYM, Pardon me, if I moved thereunto by the zealous affection which I beare you, doe here expreſſe it in the dumbe language of a ſmall preſent, unworthy your acceptance; yet I pray weare it for my ſake, it may draw down your eye to think on me who now am wounded by the powerfull beames of your beauty.

Gent. Sir, *Though it would ſhew a ſcornefull mind in me, not to accept your love tendered unto mee in ſuch a viſible manner; yet I am ſorry you ſhould bee at ſo great and needleſſe charges: for wherein can I ſerve you to make requitall?*

Aym.

Aym. It is you that make this unworthy preſent precious, for if you deigne to let it encircle your white finger, it being a *Diamond* Ring, will ſparkle moſt in the darke, ſhewing that love, like a clouded Star, ſhines lighteſt in the night of misfortune.

Gent. Well, Sir, *I am obliged by courteſie to receive it, and ſince you pleaſe to conferre ſo rich a gift, on my unworthineſſe, I will weare it for your ſake.*

Aym. Then you honour me above my deſert; for your acceptance of this ſacrifice of my love, is to me above all rewards. The Ring is inſcribed with *Amor circulus*, love is a circle without end.

Gent. I muſt acknowledge your bounty, and my ſelfe your ſervant, in beſtowing on mee ſo rich a gift.

Aym. The ſparkling luſtre thereof, cannot compare with the light beames of your eies; but honour mee ſo much to cary it on your finger.

Gent. I promiſe that, and more acknowledge my ſelfe infinitely beholding to you.

Aym. Enough is ſaid, concerning ſo poore a matter: yet in your acceptance of this trifle, I bleſſe my own happineſſe.

To

To woe a coy, ſcornefull Maide.

Aym. *LEt not my love be miſconſtrued for preſumption, If I once again ſtrive to warme your affection, by declaring unto you, how much I honour perfections; pray at laſt be mercifull, and doe not ſtill reward my love with cold diſdaine.*

Maid. *Sir,* I know that men have powerfull language, but I am none of thoſe young ones; you are deceived, if you think that fine muske words can ſweeten me up to betray my ſelfe; and for my beauty, I would not have you doate on that: it ſuffices me, without commendation.

Aym. *Should I not commend what all admire, I were much too blame.*

Maid. *Sir,* Wiſemen admire nothing, for if I were beautifull, What is beauty, but a fading flower, blaſted often, with too much breathing on, and cannot grow ſafely upon the ſtalke of virginity, becauſe every one wil be reaching forth to gather it? Pray excuſe me if I prevent danger, for love and I are quite fallen out.

Aym.

Aym. *Let me reconcile you to a good opinion of a chaſt Love, there is no greater happineſſe than the ſacred union of hearts, eſpecially when long and humble ſuite conquers diſdaine, and ſo I hope perſeverance will at laſt crowne me with your love, and bring you to entertaine my deſire With a mutuall affection.*

Maid. *Sir,* If you would be more thrifty of your breath, you might ſpend it to better purpoſe, for you may intimate your deſires, and make tedious diſcourſes: but in a word, I ſhall never love you.

Aym. *O ſay not ſo, you know not how much miſery thoſe few words would bring upon me, for hope, grounded on your gentle diſpoſition, hath hitherto kept me alive, and makes me walk like a faint ſhadow, whiles in my Chamber I am like a mourner, with a taper by me, watching my owne funerall, and I dwell there in a miſt of ſighs; and all this is for your ſake.*

Maid. Well, I hope you will not accuſe me of your death, pray ſhake off this love, and I will then acknowledge your kindnes in ceaſing to trouble me with complaints. Learne wiſedome, that will cure all diſtempers.

Aym. *Yet while I live, I will attend upon you, and*

and when I am dead, I will visit you in a dream, and tell you, you were a cruell mayd. To conclude, let one parting kisse seale my pasport to Elysium, *and I am gone.*

Maid. Well, since you are so resolute, I will strive to give you a better answer at your next returne.

Aym. *In confidence of that happinesse, I will presume to visite you againe, and live to be your servant.*

A jesting discourse with a Maide.

Aym. COme, why will you be an enemy to your selfe, and let modesty keep you still in the state of virginity? I came to offer my service to helpe you of this trouble.

Maid. *You are very kind; but I like my present estate, Maids are happy.*

Aym. Alas! poore Ignorance, dost thou talke of happinesse? *I* tell thee, untill thou art married, thou art but a Cypher, and of none account.

Maid. O Sir, *You are deceived; our hearts, free.*

free from the passion of love, retaine a world of happinesse, being exempted from any wanton knowledge; for maids, dying in their present condition, doe all goe to Heaven.

Aym. You are deceived, their punishment is to lead Apes in Hell; and therefore to avoide this, be kind while you may, and accept of a friendly offer.

Maid. *What offer?*

Aym. Least it should raise a blush upon your cheek, I will whisper it into your eare, you understand.

Maid. *I heare too much, thy infectious words have betrayed a base ignoble mind.*

Aym. Why? I did but tell you a truth, I had thought you had bin more intelligent, and would not have started at a bold word.

Maid. *Nay farewell.*

Aym. Pardon me, all I have spoken was to try your temper, and having found you both wise and witty, I will desire you in a faire manner to grant me your love, which I only desire; and though I did appeare rash and wanton, you shall find me worthy of your affection.

To

To contract privately ones selfe, and tye the knot of Marriage.

Aym. *NOw, our love hath arrived to an happy conclusion, the stormes raised by your disdaine, being blowne over, the union of our affections making a soft and gentle harmony, which the soule can onely discerne; therfore that our new begun love may never expire, I doe here in the sight of heaven and all good Angels, marry and contract my Soule to yours, and give away my selfe wholly to bee at your disposing, untill the Ceremonies of the Church doe confirme my promise.*

Maid. With as true an affection I do give over my selfe into your possession, and freely bestow on you, my love, which shall never know alteration but remaine ever firme and constant to you, now it is expedient that you obtaine my friends good will, according to your promise; and till then we must remain only contracted in affection.

Aym. *Heaven, I beseech thee beare witnesse to our private agreement, and may I never know one day of comfort, when I breake my pro-*

miſed vow; let me now embrace you with the armes of affection, and thus with a kiſſe ſeale the obligation of our Love.

To ſalute a friend newly arived from a Iourney.

Alex. SIr, *When the newes of your returne had arived to my knowledge, I was pained with an earneſt deſire to behold you, and prevent other of your friends, by the firſt tender of my ſervice: that as my love towards you doth exceede theirs, in true, perfect ſincerity: ſo it might in place obtaine priority, and ſhew how ambitious I am of your favour.*

Aymwell.

Sir, You ſtill continue your former nobleneſſe, making it your chiefe ayme, to exceed others in perfection of mind; otherwiſe I had intentions to viſit you, but it is your deſire and happineſſe to overcome your friends in kindneſſe; for which I can but returne you thankes, and acknowledge you a worthy friend.

Alex.

Alex.

Sir, *You make too good an interpretation of my raſh preſumption, but it is held, that friends have but one ſoule in two bodies; therefore, when I behold you, I enjoy the other halfe of my ſelfe; beſides, after long abſence, your company muſt needs be more precious; ſo that I had both Love and Reaſon on my ſide, to perſwade me to come and viſit you.*

Aymwell.

Sir, I want words to expreſſe my mind, or to argue a caſe in love; but in my opinion, I ought to have viſited you firſt, in regard I am very much obliged unto you: but to proceed no farther in ceremony, let us diſcourſe of ſome other affaires. I will be bould to enquire, how all our friends doe.

Alex.

Sir. *Some of them have undergone change of fortunes, and therein declared an invincible ſtrength of mind; but Heaven be thanked, all that honour and reſpect you, are living, and in health.*

Aym.

Sir, I am wonderfull glad to heare of it, and I ſhall rejoyce exceedingly when I meete any of my old acquaintance; I hope I

am not altogether loſt unto their remembrance, they will know me certainely.

Alex.

Sir, *Travell hath not wrought much change in you, but I detaine you, I feare, from your reſt.*

Aym.

Sir, Were I tired with travell, as I am not, yet your company would very much refreſh me.

Alex.

Sir, *I will crave your pardon at this time, I know to tarry longer, would be troubleſome unto you; but to morrow I will waite on you againe.*

To entertaine a friend, who is come to viſit one.

Alex.

Sir, I Am moſt glad to ſee you, though I have no other entertainement for you, but a kind welcome.

Aymwell.

Sir, *I expect no more, I come to viſit your com-*

company, and to be happy in your ſociety; for in the generall, I doe find none that can ſuite my condition ſo well as your ſelfe.

Alex.

Sir, Take of me what pleaſes you, I am vowed to your ſervice; and your loving viſitation is an addition to your many other kindneſſes.

Aym.

Sir, *All that I acknowledge, is a will to doe you ſervice; but I have beene ſlow in producing the effects, hereafter I will ſtudy to deſerve.*

Alex.

Sir, It is your ingenuous goodneſſe, to decline the acknowledgement of your owne vertue and deſerts, farre ſurpaſſing my merit; for tis I am bound to be your ſervant.

Aym.

Sir, *It is I that am obliged to you, by many ſtrong ties of affection, from which the ſervice of my life cannot diſengage mee; but I have treſpaſt againſt manners, pray take the chaire.*

Alex.

Sir, Pleaſe you to ſit firſt, for it becomes me to wait your leaſure.

Aym.

Sir, *I am provided, but if it may not appeare too much boldneſſe, what was the Adamant, or occaſion, that made you thus kinde, to viſit my lodging?*

Alex.

Sir, Shall I tell you? I came not to borrow mony, or to enforce your good nature to grant any motion of requeſt; but only to keep our love and amity freſh, and in perfect ſtrength, by ſome conference.

Aym.

Sir, *You have choſen a bad opportunity, my affaires carry me away from my friends; beſides the obligation of my word to a Lady, to attend upon her this day.*

Alex.

Sir, I will chooſe ſome other time, to attend you.

Aym.

Sir, *I will attend upon you, if I might know the place, and houre, where to meet you.*

Alex.

Sir, I will not put you to that trouble, it will become me rather to wait on you.

Aym.

Sir, *Pardon me, I am much obliged to you.*

Alex.

Sir,

Sir, I am your servant.

Aym.

Sir, *I am the servant of your servants, pray remember my respects to all our friends.*

Alex.

Sir, I will be yours in that, and all other services.

To woe a faire young Gentlewoman.

Aymwell.

PArdon me, I pray, if I presume to speake what I have hitherto, With much affliction, hid from your knowledge.

There is a Gentleman that hath beheld your outward beauty, and by his Iudgement clearely discerned your vertues, the ornament of your mind; these have produc'd in him a strange effect, so that in spite of his own reason, or dissuasion of friends, he is violently compell'd to speake truth.

Penelope.

Sir, Call you this an affliction? Tis unhappinesse to speake, and heare truth.

Aymwell. *Doe you hold that opinion?*

Then I will convince you by your owne argument. For if it be unhappineſſe to heare truth; then I hope you will pardon me, if being compelled by the ſtrength of my paſſion, I doe truly tell you, that I have plac'd my affection wholly upon you, or as they commonly ſay, I doe love you.

Pen.

Sir, I am ſorry that you have made me the object of your love, I know your birth and perſon may deſerve one of greater account; and therefore I am amazed at the unexpreſſed novelty of your motion, not imagining, but your boſome had beene free from any flame: let your wiſdome then ſuppreſſe it, leaſt your love becom fruitleſſe in the event.

Aym. *I will not be diſcouraged by your firſt anſwer, for neither are you beneath me in quality, who am your ſervant; neither can it appeare to you ſo ſtrange a matter, that I ſhould be taken with your beauty, which others admire; though it be my fortune onely, to be bolder then the reſt, and I hope not unwelcome.*

Penelope.

Sir, I would not have you cheriſh any uncertaine hope, nor build any aſſured foundation, where you have no ground given: love cannot bee compelled, but muſt flow from the

the ſpring of naturall deſire; but I finde in my ſelfe no inclination to entertaine your affection; therefore you muſt pardon me, if I deny your ſuite, which I cannot grant.

Aym. *Nothing is impoſſible to love; for if you would beleeve that I beare a noble and conſtant affection towards you, you would ſoone overcome this difficulty, and encline your minde to reward my affection with your favour.*

Pen.

Sir, I am confident, that your affection is right and perfect, not ſeeking, under a faire and colourable pretence, to betray me: yet I cannot force my ſelfe to conſent to your motion, I being utterly ignorant in Love matters; therefore excuſe me, till time, and conſideration ſhall enforce mee how to anſwer your deſire.

Aym. *I am comforted, that you have not utterly denyed my ſute; I hope at my next viſitation to receive more comfort; till then, I take my leave, and preſume onely to breath my heart upon your hand, or if you pleaſe, your lip, deſiring you to remember me in abſence.*

When one meeteth a friend in the Street.

Alex. GOD save you, *Sir*, You are most happily met. How fare you?

Clor. Sir, *I am the better to see you well and lusty, why will you not doe me the honour to visit me at my Chamber?*

Alex. *Sir*, I must confesse I have often broken promise therein, but businesse would not permit me, otherwise I had long since waited on you.

Clor. Sir, *I should rather account my selfe obliged to wait on you, for I am bound unto you for many favours; especially, for the last courtesie you did me in a matter which concerned me much. Will you now doe me the kindnesse to beare my respects to a Gentlewoman?*

Alex. *Sir*, If shee be honest, I am ready to goe on your errand. I hope you will not put me on a disgracefull peece of service.

Clor. Sir, *I hope you have no such bad suspition of me, for she is both a faire and vertuous Gentlewoman, and hath a nimble wit: but I know you can deliver your mind in an excellent way.*

Alex.

Alex. *Sir,* It is you, whom *Mercury* the God of wit hath adorn'd with a gentle amorous ſpeech; but I will ſpeake in your behalfe, in as good and effectuall tearmes as I can remember.

Clor. Sir, *You ſhall doe me then a moſt perfect favour. Tell her, I am her ready and willing ſervant, and that the power of love hath given her my heart, which I will come to fetch, in hope ſhee will give it me backe, and till then keepe it warme in her owne boſome. But what needs I inſtruct you, Who are all Love and Courtſhip?*

Alex. *Sir,* I will performe your command, though not in ſuch words, as you would deſire, yet ſo as my ſuddaine *Genius* ſhall prompt me, but I have heard it ſaid,

That in way of love and glory,
Lovers beſt tell their own ſtory.

Clor. Sir, *Pardon me, I know whom I doe entruſt with this buſineſſe, I am aſſur'd of your fidelity, and that you can deliver your mind in a powerfull manner, eſpecially, to Gentlewomen.*

Alex. *Sir,* It muſt be my love to you that muſt inſpire me: but I promiſe you, I will ſtrive to ſpeake my beſt.

Sir, *I am confident in you, and at your re-*

tur, e

turne from my Mistris, I will prepare thankes for this great peece of service, and rest, yours obliged.

Clor. *Sir,* It is but my duty, I am happy to be imployed in any service that concernes you, suppose this done.

To court a Gentlewoman in the way of Marriage.

Eugenius.

MIstresse, *I doubt not but that you will judge me as rash as bould: but I beseech your divine beautie which glittereth in your faire eyes, to excuse my audacity, and to pardon my temerity, which have emboldned mee to come and present unto you my most humble and most affectionate service.*

Calia.

Sir, I am very sorry that I have not the honour to know you: and I mervaile that you will offer service to mee, that of all am most unworthy.

Eugenius

Eugenius.

Mistris, *It is the sweetnesse of your naturall goodnesse that causeth you to speake in this sort.*

Calia.

Pardon mee *Sir*, I speake nothing but I know to be most true.

Eugenius.

Lady, *This singular modestie which I see to the life expressed in your words, gives me a hope that you will entertaine my intentions not as harsh and disconsonant, but as agreeable and consonant, and that in time I shall obtaine some one of your favours and graces.*

Calia.

Sir, if there were any graces in me, they were yours: but I have not any, you can expect none.

Eugenius.

Mistris, *It is that, which obligeth mee to a greater estimation of you, and makes you more amiable, and mee more affectionate towards you: so also I beseech you to beleeve that my intentions were never otherwise than chast and vertuous, and that I never had any other end than honesty. Did you thinke me to have framed some designe prejudicious to*

your

your honours. I had rather loose my being, than entertaine any such thought: so also is it my resolution for ever to continue your most faithfull and obedient servant, as the effects shall make it evident that the proofe thereof shall manifestly appeare whensoever your commands shall call upon me.

Calia.

I humbly thanke you *Sir* with my best affection; as also for the paines you have taken for one that no waymerits such favours, I being your very humble servant.

Eugenius.

Lady, It is I that am so deepely engaged to you, that I am disenabled to quit my selfe of the obligation, and therefore (most faire Mistris) I beseech and conjure you to make use of my service and me, in whatsoever you shall judge mee capable to serve you. And in the meane time after a million of recommendations I will bee bold to take my leave of you, and will leave my heart with you as an astage and pledge of my fidelity and constancy.

Calia.

Farwell *Sir*, and I give you humble thankes for this your loving visit.

Eugenius.

I hope

I hope to ſee you againe and very ſpeedily, where for the preſent I muſt leave you.

Calia.

Sir, So farre as your intentions ſhall continue good, and your ſuits lawfull, you ſhall alwaies find our dores open, and alſo to Gentlemen like your ſelfe, who ſhall not want our beſt entertainement according to our beſt poſſibility, and in that regard you ſhall no oftner come then be welcome.

Eugenius,

Lady, *I doe aſſure you that I now goe to elongate my ſelfe from my bright day, and confine my ſelfe into an abiſſe of melancholy darkneſſe: for I dare be bold to proteſt unto you, that without you, I enjoy no light of day, and therefore all the time of this ſad abſence will be ſo tedious to mee, that moments will bee houres, the houres daies, and the daies will be ages, unleſſe it be ſo that the experience of being in your favour will be my ſole conſolation, and with that I will arme my ſelfe with a reſolute patience.*

Calia.

You ſpeake ſtrong lines *Sir*, but it may be you are not ſo paſſionate as your words pretend. Farewell *Sir*, till our next meeting:

Eugenius.

Eugenius.

Miſtris, *you doe a wrong to your beauty, and to my love which is faithfull and loyall: but I hope that time wil make me appear more largely to bee what I am, and ſeeing neceſſity conſtraines me to retire from you, I will never retreat from my affection which your faire eyes have darted into my ſoule. And ſo Lady adieu till my next review, which I aſſure you ſhall be my ſooneſt poſſible.*

To preſent ſomething to a friend.

Alex. SIR, I have alwaies had an earneſt deſire to make my ſervice viſible unto you, and therefore I am bold to preſent unto you this Ring; deſiring you, not to value the gift, but the affection of the giver, who doth ſacrifice this unto you, from the Altar of an humble heart.

A. Sir, *This is an addition to your many other favours, you are mindefull of me above my merit; how ſhall I make you requitall?*

A. *Sir,* Your acceptance thereof is the chiefe ayme of my deſires; I would have you thinke, that true love uſes by dumbe ſignes and tokens to expreſſe it ſelfe.

A. Sir, *Beleeve mee, ſo rich a gift as this hath*

hath a moſt powerfull language; if it had beene meaner, it would have ſufficed me, who muſt reſt beholding unto you, till I have opportunity to declare my ſelfe farther.

A *Sir*, It is your worthineſſe that makes it appeare ſo worthy: but I know no gift can be above your merit, nor ſufficient to declare in what ties of obſervance I am bound unto you: your acceptation gives it more luſtre and richneſſe then the Ring doth deſerve, being but a meane token of my affection.

A. Sir, *I beſeech you doe not extenuate your ſelfe, nor it.*

A. Sir, This Ring is but the embleme of my ſervice, which ſince you are pleaſed to receive, I muſt give you many thankes for your acceptance.

A. Sir, *It is eaſie to perſwade the receit of a thing of ſuch value, but I will merit it as the oblation of my love.*

A. *Sir*, For that I muſt remaine eternally your conſtant, faithfull friend.

A. Sir, *I am yours in all reſpectfull ſervices, to be commanded.*

A. *Sir*, You oblige mee too much both in words and deeds, I am all yours.

To entreat a courteſie of a friend.

A: SIr, as neceſſity hath no law, ſo it hath no ſhame, for, contrary to my diſpoſition, I muſt become an importunate Suter unto you.

A. *Sir, Name it, it muſt be ſomething more then I know of, which I can deny you, who are alwaies modeſt in your requeſts.*

A. *Sir,* I feare I ſhall give you no occaſion to report the contrary, I would deſire you to lend me your Horſe, to carry away a little treaſure by Mooneſhine.

A. Sir, *I doe not well underſtand you, pray interpret your ſelfe, and diſguiſe not your meaning.*

A. Sir, I would deſire you to diſpenſe with mee, in a matter that concernes mee neare, I am to beare away the Vſurers Daughter, and carry her where ſhee ſhall remaine private, till ſtormes be blowne over; pardon me, that I have made you acquainted with my purpoſe.

Alex. Sir, *I will be ready to aſſiſt you, and*

ſince

since your fortune cannot proceede without my Horses legges, if he were the Muses Pegasus *he shall bee your servant, it is but to carry away a peece of live Venison, and that's a meane trespasse*; Cupid *has enough in his Parke.*

Aym. *Sir,* I am glad you are so pleasant, and doe so well apprehend my intents. I was afraid, least my purpose being known, which was manifest in me to deliver, I should have suffered repulse, and have beene blamed by you for my bold attempt.

Alex. *No,* Sir, *I doe account it in you a bravery of minde, that dare aspire to reach a fortune, and plucke the golden Apples of* Hesperides, *watch't by the old Dragon the Usurer: but I would not have you loose time in talke; I will bid the groome prepare my horse ready for your employment.*

A. *Sir,* The whole service of my life cannot requite your kindnes, for since you have granted this request so willingly, I shall owe my good fortune to your favourable assistance.

A. Sir, *I will pray that your attempt may be prosperous, for I shall rejoyce in your happinesse, as much as in mine owne; Therefore my good wishes shall bee your good* Genius, *to waite on*

you;

you; while my Prayers solicite heaven for your happy successe.

A. *Sir,* You have expreſt your ſelfe a noble friend; and when this buſineſſe is paſt, all the ſtudy of my life ſhall bee to ſhew my thankfulneſſe to you.

Alex. Sir, *I deſire nothing, but that you may thrive in your deſires.*

A, *Sir,* Next my intended purpoſe, my chiefeſt glory and ambition is, to thrive in your favour.

Upon his abſence.

EVgenius, *I proteſt to you my faireſt, that I could never have beleeved that the torments of happineſſe from our loves could have beene ſo miſerable; for I dare ſweare to thee by thoſe faire eyes the ſtarres of my fortunes, that I dwelt with impatiency and ſorrowes til I ſaw you.*

Coſ. Is it poſſible *Sir?* ſurely I can hardly beleeve it.

Eugenius, *Miſtris I beſeech you to beleeve*

it

it if you pleaſe, for I aſsure you that I could no longer endure nor ſupport the violence and troubleſome tedionſneſse which I indured in the time of your ſo long abſence, the object of my good and ſole content being removed.

Cæl. *Sir,* It may very well be, for you ſeeme very paſſionate in your actions.

Eugenius, *I proteſt that it is unpoſſible for me to take any complacency in the world, but in that only that flatters my affection, and in the aſpect of your rare forme and moſt excellent Beauty.*

Cæl. *Sir,* It pleaſeth you to tearme it ſo; content your ſelfe in laughing at mee, as you may at one that injoyeth not the leaſt glimpſe of beauty in my ſelfe.

Eugenius, *Wherein my deereſt, ſhould you conceive ſo of me? I doe aſsure you with the better part of my ſoule, that I ſhould be a miſerable man, ſhould I not really ſpeake what my affections ſuggeſt as truth: know* LADIE, *that you ſee a man that is wholly yours, and deſires not to live but for you, and to doe you ſervice: but that which troubleth mee moſt*

is that of neceſſity I muſt abſent my ſelfe from you upon a very urgent occaſion, but I beſeech you to beleeve and conceive ſo of mee, that whither ſoever I goe, I ſhall carry with mee the lively delineaments of your perfections, and that I ſhall not live but by the Idea *of your beauty with perfect reſolution of obeying you, and therfore my ſweeteſt adieu for a while, for the preſent to have me excuſed that I cannot injoy the felicity of your moſt deſired company, but muſt take my leave ſo abruptly.*

C. *Sir,* I infinitely thank you, and bid you alſo adieu, wiſhing you a ſafe returne.

A merry Diſcourſe between Rowland *and* Suſan, *ſitting up late together.*

ROW. It is time, *Suſan,* that I ſhould now diſcover my mind unto you, we have beene long ſervants together, and ever ſince my firſt comming, I have borne you good will, which I would deſire you to accept, and grant me your love.

Suſan. *For that you muſt pardon me; for I dee not intend to marry, and therefore let that*

ſerve

ſerve for an excuſe, ſince I would be loth to diſcourage you, and ſay, I cannot love you.

Row. I hope you will not, for ſince I firſt beheld you, I have admired your perfections.

Suſan. *You know, affection cannot be compel'd; therefore I thanke you for the good will which you have hitherto borne me, but as for your love, I cannot accept of it.*

Row. Then I perceive you love ſome other.

Suſan. *I deſire you to excuſe me, I cannot frame my mind to fancy you, though I know you deſerve my betters; but for mee to ſettle affection where I cannot love, would bee an endleſſe miſery: the Bryer and Honey-ſuckle cannot well agree.*

R. Then you compare me to a Bryer, but I will with all humility put up your diſdaine, hoping that the continuance of my love ſhall ſoften your mind, to receive me into ſome degree of favour, for I proteſt, I love you intirely.

S. *The utmoſt I can doe for you in requitall of your love, is, to give you thankes, and counſell to ſuppreſſe your deſire, and not to proceed any farther in this ſute, which at laſt will become fruitleſſe.*

R. I ſhould bee ſorry then: by this kiſſe which I preſume to take, none hath power over me but your ſelfe, I love you all over, and if you would licence my heart to ſtray about, how happy ſhould I be?

S. Nay, then I perceive your love is but a raſh and wanton deſire; neither can I ſtaie with you any longer, leaſt my abſence out of my Miſtreſſes Chamber might breed ſome ſuſpition.

R. Stay, I will hold you in the priſon of my armes, and if you will get your freedome, you ſhal yeeld me ſome of your ſweeteſt kiſſes, which are but ſhaddowes of that ſubſtantiall happineſſe which you could afford me.

S. Nay, pray be not rude, nor give mee cauſe to ſuſpect that your love is diſhoneſt, I had formerly better opinion of you, but now I am jealous of your good intent.

R. Pardon mee, if love have made me offend in ſome boyſterous actions.

S. Come pray let me be gone, I ſhall be angry if you hinder me.

Row. Well then, I obey your deſire, but let me prevaile farther with you at our next meeting.

An

An Enterchange of Ceremonies at parting with a friend taking a long journey.

SIr, I am very ſorry that my affaires doe compell me to take my leave of you, from whom I have received ſo many benefits, which have bound me in many tyes ever to ſerve you, neither have I any way left to ſatisfie my ſelfe in requiting your former kindneſſes, but to acknowledge them farre above my requitall, and to deſire you, that you would both receive the tender of my humble ſervice, and command me in ſomething, whereby I might expreſſe how much I honour your deſert.

Sir. *I cannot chooſe but grieve that you muſt now be divided from us, by a tedious journey; yet ſince he loves himſelfe better than his friend, that will not yeeld to any thing for his good, I am content in that regard to looſe your company a while, wiſhing you both a proſperous journey, and that in your abſence you would remember me, who will alwaies in my daily prayers ſollicite heaven for your ſafe returne, deſi-*

ring to be excused for your poore entertainment, which perhaps makes you desirous to be gone.

Sir, Pardon me, the entertainement I have found, was farre above my desert, for which I render you a million of thankes. There remaines nothing now, but that you honour me with your commands.

Sir, *I intreat you make not so great haste to be gone.*

Sir, I could willingly defer my jorney, to enjoy your company; but the winde stands faire for *France*, therefore let us conclude all Ceremonies.

Sir, *Since we must dispence with your departure, I pray doe us the courtesie to revive our drooping mindes, with the good tidings of your safe arrivall in* France.

Sir, Be assur'd I cannot be unmindfull of you, nor of my other friends, to whom I pray you to commend mee, since I cannot take my leave of them all in particular.

Sir, *I am glad you will doe mee the favour to give me any imployment in your absence, I will performe your desire.*

Sir, I can but thanke you, and for your love in bringing me to my Shippe, which is a trouble, that you would take upon you, though

though on my part undeserved.

Sir, *I am happy to serve you in any thing, God send you a prosperous journey.*

Sir, I 'doubt not but I shall arive in safety, trouble your selfe no farther, since I cannot remaine with you to requite your kindnesse.

Sir, *Since you will needs have it so, I will bid you, farewell, with all the affection of a constant friend.*

To invite one to dinner.

Alex. *PRay let mee prevaile so much with you, to entreate your company to dinner.*

Clorin. *Sir,* I humbly thanke you for your courtesie, but my bu'nesse will not permit: therefore I desire to be excused.

Alex. *Nay good* Sir, *Let me not be denied, I must confesse indeed your cheare will not bee worthy of your stay; but you shall be heartily welcome.*

Clorin. Sir, I would willingly obey your desire, but I feare to be too bold.

Alex. *Sir, You ſhall be moſt welcome; you ſhall command in my houſe as in your own.*

Clori. Your offer is ſo large and courteous, that I muſt yeeld to waite on you, for you have overcome me in ceremony: but you will draw upon your ſelfe much trouble.

Alex. *Sir, You will finde but courſe fare, but ſuch as it is, pray eſteeme your ſelfe moſt heartily welcome, and in a real manner without complement.*

Clori. Sir, Here is much plenty, and you wrong your ſelfe to excuſe your fare, whereof there is ſo great abundance, that unleſſe you would have provided all the variety that was in *Noah's Arke*, I know not how it could be mended.

Alex. *It is your favour to commend and accept of any thing, but pray excuſe me, once more I deſire it: if I had beene certaine of your honouring my houſe with your preſence, I would have made better preparation for your entertainement.*

Clori. *Sir,* I deſire you rather to excuſe my boldneſſe, in putting you to ſo much trouble, you may perceive that I thinke my ſelfe welcome by my liberall feeding: I am

no

no mincing Bride, whose thoughts of eating are tooke away with the conceite of the night following.

Alex. *I beseech you spare not, I am glad to see you so pleasant, and to increase your mirth, I will drinke to your health in wine, in hope you will pledge me.*

Clori. Sir, they say there is truth in wine, and if there be truth in wine, I will finde it out, let the health bee nere so deepe.

Alex. *Thanke you for doing me this peece of justice: pray see if you can make a homely Dinner, otherwise I know not how to be excused for inviting you.*

Clori. *Sir*, To decline ceremony, you have most worthily feasted me, and honoured me so much, that I must ever acknowledge your exceeding bounty and courtesie.

Ceremonies at ſitting downe at the Table.

Alexander.

GEntlemen, Pray take your places, I know not how to direct you. But firſt let us waſh.

Gentlemen.

Pray begin, for it is fit that wee ſhould follow you.

Alexander.

In this matter, Ceremonies are needleſſe; but you wil doe nothing without my example, and therefore I will begin.

Gentlemen.

Then in obedience to your deſire, we will waſh with you.

Alexander.

I beſeech you Gentlemen, to ſave me a labour and, take your places.

Gentlemen.

Sir, *Wee expect your ſitting downe, and afterwards, we will not contend much for prioritie of place.*

Alex.

Alexander.

Come, M. *Getting*, you are my old acquaintance, you ſhall favour mee to ſit here by me.

Gentleman.

By no meanes, that is not my place, heres a Gentleman deſerves to be ſeated there.

Alexander.

Sir, I have deſigned you this place, pray let me rule ſo farre.

Gentleman.

Sir, I ſhould bee loth to be too troubleſome, and yet I would not preſume before my betters.

Alexander.

Sir, You are too full of excuſe, you may yeeld to take your due place, otherwiſe I ſhould wrong you.

Gentleman.

Sir, I beſeech you then to excuſe me, and account it your fault, if I tranſgreſſe the bounds of manners, in aſſuming a place farre above my deſert, and which is of right belonging to theſe other Gentlemen.

Alexander.

We might have ſpar'd this ceremony, for the appetite loves good dainties better than Complements. Now pray ſerve your ſelves,

you are kindly welcome.

Gentlemen.

Sir, *Wee will not put you to any trouble in helping us, we know that manners wil allow us to make a dinner, we come to trespasse on you.*

The Feasters excuse to his friend, after dinner.

Alex. *Sir*, I desire you to excuse your meane fare, and slender entertainement, whereunto I have presumed much to invite you; but I hope our ancient acquaintance, and your owne good nature will procure me a pardone, in that I have done this only to enjoy your company and society, for your good discourse is to me a feast farre exceeding any fare that I could provide for you.

Friend, *your reall kindnes hath bin such and so unexpected, that I cannot give you sufficient thankes for your courtesie and kind entertainment: all that I can render, is to promise, that I will snatch an opportunity to expresse my gratitude.*

Alex, You have honoured me enough, in your

your acceptance of my good will. But it is not good to ſtir ſuddenly after dinner. Let's talke, you are converſant abroad, what newes doe you heare?

Friend, *Pardon me, Sir, the world runs about me while I ſtand unmov'd, never marking the motion thereof, and therefore I am altogether ignorant in Novelties, it may bee you heare more.*

A. Indeed *Sir*, I have ſo many affaires, that I can enquire after none, I thought you could have given us ſome good intelligence.

Friend, Sir, *I deſire you to excuſe me, for I hold it a fruitleſſe imployment, but yet to ſatisfie your requeſt, if I knew any freſh newes, that were not yet in print, I will be bold to tell you ſomewhat, ſince you deſire it.*

A. I will not importune you any farther; but deſire your pardone, that I ſhould impoſe on you the office of a Taleteller: excuſe my intent therein, ſince what I deſire, was to paſſe away the time while we ſit: but now, if you pleaſe, we will riſe.

Friend. Sir, *Then I muſt really thanke you, you have made me bold with you, I will accompany you a while to the fire, and then take my leave.*

To offer ſervice to a young Maid.

AYM, Seeing you are alone, I would offer you to attend on you, if you would accept of my ſervice.

Mayd. *It is more then I deſire or deſerve; and it would appeare boldneſſe in me to accept of a ſtrangers company.*

It is not for me to accept all ſhewes and offers of kindneſſe, I can but thanke you for your good will, I am not farre diſtant from my owne home.

Aym. *Pray let me beare you company, and by the way make me happy in ſome diſcourſe, reſolve mee one queſtion; Were you never in love?*

Maid. Though it be no manners to anſwer one queſtion, with demanding another; yet I will preſume to aske you, If you were never in love?

Aym. *Faire one, from thence ſprings my unhappineſſe, I am too forward in theſe deſires, I have beheld many beauties, but you have prevailed more than the reſt, to conquer my affection.*

tion; and I must acknowledge, that in meeting you, I have met death, or life.

Mayd. Pray speake in plaine tearmes, I am ignorant of your meaning.

Aym. *I desire you then to know and beleeve, that I am already farre in love with you, and I hope you will not scorne my sudden motion, if I should desire you to reward my love with your favour; and by the way, let mee entreat you, to thinke that heaven had appointed our strange accident all meeting, and gave mee boldnesse to petition your favour and affection, which I hope you will grant.*

Maid. Sir, I know not in this case how to give an answer, that may procure your content, but I desire you importune mee no farther, but grant me time to consider your motion, this is my Fathers house, whither, if please you to come hereafter, I will study to resolve you, howsoever you shall be welcome.

Aym. *But before I loose your presence, which is my chiefe happinesse, let me tell you, that when you goe in, you beare away my heart with you, and I shall onely languish in sorrow, till I visit you againe.*

Maid. Pray, *Sir*, doe not hold me longer

in

in discourse, there are many jealous eyes that doe watch an occasion to make me censured for maintaining with you such unusuall familiaritie; pray, as you tender my credit, leave me.

A: I must obey, honour me with an ordinary salutation, and I will vanish like a shadow, that will returne againe to wait on you, who are the substance of my life.

To conferre with a Widdow in an amorous wooing manner.

AYm, *I would intreat you (faire* Widdow) *not to discourage mee in my first suite, since your modesty and vertuous cariage in your Husbands life time, hath made mee bold to plead for affection; and to cherish a certaine hope, that I shall obtaine my desire.*

Widdow. *Sir,* I would not have you imagine, that my love to my former Husband was written for a Table booke, the Letters whereof may be soone wiped out againe; no, it was engraved upon my heart, and

and there doth remaine to informe mee that I ought not to wrong him with a ſecond marriage.

Aymwell. *Nay,* Widdow, *I muſt acknowledge you have a faire pretence to put mee off, with the remembrance of your ſaid Huſband, but will you alwayes puniſh your ſelfe, and faſt from the joyes of marriage?*

Wid. It is my full reſolved purpoſe, and therefore let not any wanton opinion concerning me, give you hope of obtaining my love; Alas! Since his departure, I am dead unto the world, and doe but only live, to ſigh, when I remember that I had ſo good a Husband.

Aym. *His goodneſſe is gone with him, but for my part, I will be your loving active ſervant; come, come, put off griefe and falſe imaginations of honoring the dead, for if his ſoule were capable of any knowledge, concerning earthly matters, it would rejoyce to ſee you happily married, and as he gave you all contentment in his life time, ſo he would deſire that you might be ſupplied in the ſame kind after his death.*

Wid.

Wid. You ſpeake unhappily, but pray bee ſatisfied that I intend not to marry, yet I reſpect your good will, and other matters wil remaine ready to requite your love.

Aym. *For other matters I am ſatisfied, but your love is the mark whereat Iaime: why ſhould you thus ſtrive to become a virgin againe, and forget the conceit of former pleaſures, which are yet freſh in your remembrance; fie, fie, you doe not well to make your ſelfe ſo dull of apprehenſion, I am come to offer ſervice in the right kind, and therefore you are very much too blame, to refuſe the tender of my labour.*

Widdow. You ſpeake myſteries; but I deſire if you loveme, ſhew it in ceaſing to proſecute your ſute; for I muſt tell you plainly, it will prove fruitleſſe, and of none effect.

Aymwell. *I cannot beleeve, but that I ſhall bee more fortunately happy to obtaine your favour; words are not alwaies the interpreters of the heart, and I am confident, for all this, that you love me.*

Widdow, Perſwade your ſelfe to it, but I ſhall never give you cauſe to thinke ſo, yet I will ever reſpect you, and be ready to doe you any uſuall courteſie.

Aymwell, *Well I thanke you that I have ſo farre*

farre thrived in my ſute; I hope hereafter to get deeper into your favour.

Wid. Your hope is built upon a falſe foundation, and had I knowne your intent, I would not have held diſcourſe with you ſo long; I muſt leave your company.

Aymwell. *Let me rather take my leave of you, and ſeale a kiſſe upon your lippe untill I viſit you againe, for no mortall Widdow ſhall diſcourage me, but I will come againe about that buſines.*

To excuſe ſome offence to a Gentlewoman.

Aymwell, I muſt acknowledge I was ſomewhat too bold to enforce a kiſſe from you, in the preſence of other friends; but I pray excuſe my paſſion, and let your mercy be ſhewed in pardoning, as my folly was in offending.

Pen, *Sir, It was ſo great a treſpaſſe, and ſo directly aym'd againſt my white fame and reputation, that no repentance can ſatisfie for a fault of that nature.*

Aim. It cannot exceede the limits of forgiveneſſe, or if your wrath cannot be otherwiſe ſatisfied, enjoyne me ſome penance, as great

great as your anger, whereby I may recover your loſt favour, and make it appeare, how ſorry I am for committing ſo raſh an offence,

Penelope. *Nay, you may enjoy that kiſſe violently tooke from me before ſo many witneſſes; but never any more.*

Aym. I muſt confeſſe it was my raſhneſſe, but if you will that I repay it backe again, I will give you intereſt for that one, and vow unto you, never to offend your patience in the like kind.

Penelope. *Well ſince you are ſo willing to repent, and to ſhew unfained ſorrow, I muſt needs accept them for preſent ſatisfaction, deſiring you hereafter to be more carefull of my credit, and never againe to make ſo bold an offer.*

Aym. You have charmed me to obedience, ſince your words are a law, which I dare not tranſgreſſe, for I am in all things, your obedient ſervant.

The Lovers farewell.

Leonora.

ALas! *Sir*, is this the houre then, when the severe rigour of your absence must eclipse my daies of their bright beames? Oh how this sad newes doth fire my spirits! and not without reason, since you to whom I had wholly consecrated my selfe, will not deigne a mercifull eye on my sufferings for your absence.

Floreſtan. Mistris, *Feare not, but rest assured, that so long as life will give mee leave to enjoy the Suns brightnesse, never shall any other have power over me; doe me onely the favour, that having given you these new assurances of my fidelity, you will be pleased to render me some reall promises of yours. Besides I protest to you,* Lady, *I will never acknowledge any other light then yours, no more than the Earth doth other then the Suns.*

Leon. *Sir*, They are no false promises that I have made you, but true assurances, drawne

drawne from my heart by the force of my paſſion And know, that all things here beneath ſhall ſooner change their naturall inclinations, then in me ſhall be ſeene any alteration from the reſolution I have made to love you: heaven it ſelfe ſhall be my witnes.

Floreſtan: *If* Miſtris, *you love me thus, let your minde bee confident of an equall troth from me; and ſhould you doubt of my affections, I will give you my ſoule for pledge, and my heart for ſacrifice, to ſhew you that my words are unfained. I pray you therefore accept of this ſmall gift, not as a thing* worthy of merit, *but onely as a ſufficient teſtimony of my good will, fidelity, and faithfull love towards you; and being a thing ſo ſmall and unworthy of you, it will therefore be the more commendable in you to accept of it.*

Leonora. *Sir*, I give you infinite thankes, and withall doe beſeech you alſo to receive this in requitall, for a remembrance of me, which is of ſmall value, but be mov'd to take it in good part from her, who from henceforth ſhall not live but through your ſole remembrance.

Flor. *Thankes to you* ſweeteſt: *the gift truly is pleaſing to me, but the giver much more.*

Leoner.

Leoner. But, *Sir,* Is there no meanes to ſtay you for a little time, that I might enjoy your preſence, which ſtands me in ſtead of light and life, therefore your abſence will envelope me with darkneſſe, and bring upon mee (poore ſoule that I am) a thouſand grievous deaths.

Floreſt. Miſtris, *I hope, not ſo, for I am conſtrained through neceſſity of my buſineſſe to depart hence.*

Leon. Oh, I ſee now too well, that that conſtancy of yours, which I truſted to for remedy of my troubled thoughts, is vaniſhed, to give preſent vent to my plaints, which you ſhall receive with my ſighs and teares for true and burning teſtimonies of the ſorrow I have to ſee my ſelfe about to be forſaken by him, by whom only I breath.

Flor. Miſtris, *I ſweare to you, my heart is alike touch'd with ſuch ſtrokes for this our parting, that I can hardly breath for griefe of it, and doe already ſee I have loſt mine eye ſight, in the loſſe of the ſight of your Star-like beautie. For ſure I am, that once abſent from your luminous aſpect, each pleaſure will be to me a ſubject, of griefe and ſorrow. However, ſince it will now be no otherwiſe, I ſhall ſo part with*

you

you, as that my will ſhall never depart from your ſervice. Therefore farewell, deare Miſtris, live *ſtill happy and content whilſt I languiſh unhappy though conſtant: let not that my remoteneſſe alter your minde, no more than it ſhall ſhake the reſolution I have long ſince made to live and dye yours; for, for mine owne part, I ſhall not thinke my ſelfe abſent from you, ſo long as I ſhal keepe a roome in your heart and memory.*

Leo. Farewell, *Sir,* you poſſeſſe my ſoule; and I doe even leave it in your power conſerving it for a more happy ſeaſon then this of parting: in the meane ſpace, have pitty on all the bloudy griefes which the meere apprehenſion of your abſence makes me already feel ſo vehemently, for I think it very ſtrange to leave him, whoſe companyis dearer to me than my life. But to make an end of this diſcourſe; I doe beſeech you, *Sir,* and even conjure you, by the ſweetnes of that love I have borne you, and will all my life long devote to you, for my cruel feares, to write often to me, during the unhappy time of your abſence: for in reading your Letters, I ſhal perſwade my ſelfe that I am not wholly deprived of you.

F. *I vow to you,* Miſtris, *I will give you ſo many*

many Letters, for confirmation of my loyalty, and the love I beare you, that you ſhall have no cauſe to diſtruſt. And ſo I pray God to make you the happieſt alive; even as he hath made you the faireſt, and moſt accompliſhed: and that he alſo give you the grace, to conſerve me in your moſt deſired favour, that I may be able continually to witneſſe, how violent my affection is towards you.

L. Heaven grant you may be as faithfull to me, as I am to you; and give you as much quiet and contentment, as you take fromme. But what ſhould I ſay more? I muſt ceaſe remembring you of the force and heate of my affection, and entreat you to pitty my martyrdome, and that whereſoever you are, you will be mindfull of me. And ſo once more, I pray God grant you ſuch proſperities, that your fortunes may parallel your perfections.

F. *Reſt aſſured,* ſweet Miſtris, *to bee beloved, though not equall to your merit, to whoſe height it is impoſſible my affection can raiſe it ſelfe.*

Queſt.

Queſtions with their anſwers reſolving the doubts of Lovers.

QVeſt. *What is Love?*

Anſw. It is the receptacle of penſive mindes, a paſſion that binds the ſpirits.

Queſt. *What is the greateſt recompence a woman can make a man?*

Anſw. To reveale to him her ſecrets, and make him Lord over her body.

Queſt. *How muſt a man behave himſelfe amongſt Ladies?*

Anſw. He muſt be bold and hardy.

Queſt. *Why is Love painted blind?*

Anſw. Becauſe the actions of love cannot be hid or diſſembled.

Queſt. *Why be the ſecrets of Love ſo eaſily kept?*

Anſw. For the great ſweetneſſe men find in them.

Queſt. *Who is moſt ſecret in the ſports of Love?*

Anſw. Women, ſince it ſo neerely touches their modeſty.

Queſt.

Queſt. *What is the meat of perfect Lovers?*

Anſw. Sighs and teares.

Queſt. *Why have old men the repulſe of young women?*

Anſw. Becauſe they have not wherewith to eaſe them of their griefe.

Queſt. *Why doe Lovers wax pale?*

Anſw. From the paſſions of the mind.

Queſt, *Why doe they Picture* Cupid *with Wings?*

Anſw. Becauſe the deſires of Lovers doe tend alwaies to high things.

Queſt. *Why doe Lovers write amorous ſonnets one to another in Rime?*

Anſw. Becauſe Poetry is the friend of Love.

Queſt. *Why doe women love them moſt dearly that had their maiden heads?*

Anſw. Becauſe by the conjunction of the men they gaine perfection.

Queſt. *Wherefore are amorous women more tickliſh then others.*

Anſw. Becauſe their skins are moſt looſe, ſoft and delicate.

Queſt. *How cometh it to paſſe that women newly married the firſt night are ſo loth to goe to bed, and riſe the next day ſo luſty and joyfull.*

Anſw.

Answ. It proceeds from the perfection of the man, which they having acquired to themselves, they then know they are women indeed.

Quest. *Why doe men kisse the eyes of them they affect?*

Answ. Because they were the first beginners of Love.

Quest. *Why doe many love fervently, yet are not beloved againe?*

Answ. By reason their complexions cannot agree.

Quest. *Why should we not place our loves on those that be so young?*

Answ. Because they are so inconstant and ever more curious of new servants.

Quest. *How comes it that he that is soone taken with love doth soone forget it?*

Answ. He is like one who rides a galop, and by and by, waxeth weary.

Quest. *Why doe men say that Love is a perfect musitian?*

Answ. Because he tuneth the spirits that before had no agreement.

Quest. *What is the greatest pleasure that a true lover can feele?*

Answ. To thinke that he is borne to serve and please his *Lady*.

Quest.

Queſt. *Wherefore be all things more diſpoſed to love in the ſpring time, then in any other ſeaſons?*

Anſw. Becauſe then the humours doe move themſelves and the bloud doth wax hot.

Queſt. *Wherefore are the Angers of Lovers of ſo little continuance?*

Anſw. Becauſe they fall out for trifles.

Queſt. *Wherefore doe the Ancients paint Love with flowers in one hand and fiſh in another?*

Anſw. To ſhew that Love is Lord both of Sea and Land.

Queſt. *Why are men rather Amorous then women?*

Anſw. Becauſe they are of hotter complexions, and their ſpirits are more quicke and prompt.

Queſt. *Wherefore be all the joyes of Lovers uncertaine?*

Anſw. Becauſe in Love are divers caſualties, Iealouſie, ſuſpition, anger, peace, diſdaine.

Queſt. *Why is it that ſecret Love is more burning then that which is diſcovered?*

Anſw. Becauſe in the one a fire doth con-

ſume but in the other a friend doth give advice to quench the flames.

Queſt. *Whether is more conſtant in Love, the man or the woman?*

Anſw. The man being both of body and ſpirit more firme.

Queſt. *Wherefore have Lovers feeble voyces?*

Anſw. Out of the feare they have to diſpleaſe their Ladies.

Queſt. *Wherefore is it that a man being touched with Love cannot rid himſelfe of that paſſion by any dexterity?*

Anſw. Becauſe a certaine ſweet motion doth tranſport him to the thing he deſires, and with a certaine admiration winds him into the nets of Love.

Queſt. *Wherefore are Lovers for the moſt part ready to weep?*

Anſw. Becauſe by nature they are fearefull, ſupitious, Iealous and alwaies troubled.

Queſt. *Why be women ſo prone to yeeld to Love?*

Anſw. Becauſe nature hath indued them with a delicate touch, with complexions hot and moiſt, things moſt requiſite for the recreations of *Venus*.

Com-

Complemẽtall and Amorous Poems.

Encomions on the Beauty of his Miſtreſſe.

FAirer then Hacks Lover at the well,
Brighter then inſide Barkes of new hewen Cedar;
Sweeter then flames of fire perfum'd with Mirrhe,
And comelier then the ſilver Clouds that dance,
On Zephires wings before the King of heaven:
Tis ſhe doth teach thoſe Torches to burne bright,
It ſeemes ſhe hangs upon the cheeke of night;
As a rich Iewel in the Ethiopes Eare,
Beauty too rich for uſe, for Love more deare.
So ſhowes a ſnowie Dove trooping with Crowes,
As this my Miſtris, ore her fellowes ſhowes.
Since her whole bodyes frame hath power to have moved,
The chaſt Hippolitus her to have loved.
In ſumme her parts are white as Milke,
As ſmooth as Ivory, and as ſoft as Silke.
O who can her perfe&tions tell
In whom alone all graces dwell?

On her Haire.

HEr Haires reflex with red ſtrakes paint the skies,
Stars fall to fetch freſh Luſtre from her eyes.
Whilſt that thoſe golden threds play with her breath,
Shewing lifes triumph in the map of death.

On her Lockes.

HEr lockes being plated like a fleece of wooll,
Are full of ſweets, as ſweet of ſweets is full.

On her forehead.

HEr ſtately front was figured from above,
Majeſticke faire well poliſht high and pale,
Pure white thatdims the Lillies of the Vale.

On her face.

HEr face like Cinthiaes when in full ſhe ſhineth,
And bluſhing to her Love mates bowres declineth.
Such brightneſſe hath her Angels face,
Can make a ſunne-ſhine in a ſhady place.

On the colour of her face.

SVch colour hath her face, as when the Sun,
In Summer his firſt riſing hath begun.

On her eye-browes and Cheeks.

EAch eye-brow hangs like Iris in the skies,
On either Cheeke a Roſe and Lilly lyes.

Another

Another on her eye-browes and breath.

HEr bright Browes drive the ſunne to clouds beneath,
Sweet morne and evening dew fals from her breath.

On her eye-Liddes.

FOr Arches be two heavenly Liddes,
Whoſe winkes each bold attempt forbids.

On her eyes.

HEr eyes the contradictors of the night,
Like Marigolds, unſheath their glorious light.

Another on the ſame.

TWo Ietty ſparkes where Cupid chaſtly hides,
His ſubtile ſhafts that from his quiver glides.
piercing the breſts of others yet they be
Vnhappy, ſince themſelves they cannot ſee.

On her ſmiles.

HEr ſmiles ſo ſweet and nice,
On earth doe make a heavenly Paradiſe.

On her Cheekes.

HEr Cheeks like ripened Lillyes ſteep'd in Wine,
Or gorgeous Clouds upon the ſinnes decline.

Another on the ſame.

HEr Cheeks with kindly Claret ſpred,
Aurora-like new out of bed.

On her Noſe and breath.

HEr Eagles Noſe is ſtrait of ſtately frame,
Her breath is ſweet perfume of holy flame.

On her Chin.

HEr Criſtall chin like to the pureſt white,
Is Loves pavilion, and the boyes delight.

On her Eares.

ON theſe meanders if you gaze,
You ſoone will tread a Lovers maze.

On her Lippes.

HEr lips like Roſes over-waſht with dew,
Doe by her breath their beauties ſtill renew.

On her Lippes and Necke.

HEr Lips more red then Corall ſtone,
Her Necke's more white then aged ſwans that mone.
O who thoſe ruddy lips can miſſe,
Which bleſſed ſtill themſelves doe kiſſe.

On her mouth.

SWeet mouth that ſendeſt a muſicke roſied breath,
Whoſe every word darts me a living death.

On her mouth and teeth.

WIthin the compaſſe of this hollow ſweet,
Thoſe orient rankes of ſilver Pearles doe meet.

On her breath.

SHe breaths forth flowers, ſhe makes the ſpring,
Perfumes the aire and comforts every thing.

On her tongue and words.

HEr words doe fall like ſummer dewes on me,
Her tongue ſtrikes muſicke ſweeteſt harmony.

On her teeth.

HEr lips nere part but that they ſhow,
Of pretious pearle a double row.

On her Speech.

IN all her words ſuch vertues couched be,
The learned thence fetch their philoſophy.

On her voice.

A Voice which doth the thruſhes ſhrilneſſe ſtaine,
And makes declining nature young againe.

On her Necke.

HEr Neck is like an Ivory ſhining Tower,
Or like delight that doth it ſelfe devoure.

On her Shoulders.

THeſe pearching ſquares with ſilver skin,
Doe paſſe the hate ſpot Ermelin.

On her Armes.

HEr Twin-like armes that ſtaineleſſe paire,
Fit for a Kings embraces are.

On her Hands.

HEre azured vaines doe uſe to ſtray,
With pretty Cupids every way,
Moyſt pearle warme ſnow ſmooth Ivory,
Within theſe ſtrange compactes doe lye.

On her fingers.

LOng ſmall made fit for Orpheus Lute,
Which made the ſavage tigers mute.

On

On her actions.

HEr deeds are like great clusters of ripe grapes,
Which load the bunches of the fruitfull Vine:
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the same with store of timely wine.

On her breasts.

HEr brests those Ivory Globes circled with blew,
Save of their Lord no bearing yoake they knew.

On her Pappes.

HEr pappes are like faire Apples in their prime,
And from those sweets, Love suckes his summer time.

On her good thoughts.

HEr mindfull brest perfumes with frankincense,
And sweetest odors every fainting sence.

On her waste and Ribbes.

FIdly so named since it doth waste,
Mens lives untill it be embrac'd:
Her ribbes with white all armed be,
Compact with curious symmetrie,

On her skin, and fleſh.

HEr lovely skin is white like Curdes new preſt,
And ſnowie fleſh is ſoft as wooll new dreſt.

On her Navell.

HEre Love delights the wandring thought,
Whilſt that mine eyes aſtray are brought:
Since Nature here would faine unite,
In curious circles bufie ſight.

On her Belly.

MOſt beauteous ſeale of Virgin wax,
Pittie tis ſtill the impreſſion lackes;
This place my ſence with joy doth fill,
Since tis intitled Cupids hill:
From hence a ſeemely paſſage there doth flow,
To ſtranger pleaſures that are plac'd below.

On her wombe.

HEr Maiden wombe the dwelling houſe of pleaſure,
O bleſt is he may ſearch that ſecret treaſure.

On her thighs.

THeſe are the ſubjects thatdoe fit,
The Genius of an Ovids wit,
Whoſe hanches ſmooth as is the glaſſe,
The Albion cliffes in whiteneſſe paſſe.

On

On her knees.

THese knots of joy and gems of Love,
With motion makes all graces move.

On the calves of her legges.

MArke well how faire the flesh doth rise,
In her brave calves like christall skies.

On the small of her legges.

VIew but her Atlas smallest small,
More white then whitest bone of all.

On her feet.

HEr feet so short and slender little round,
On earth a finer paire cannot be found.

The conclusion.

THis every part impartes a grace,
And beauty dwels in every place.

Loves month.

MAy is not Loves month, May is full of flowers,
But dropping April, Love is full of showers.

Defini.

Definition of Love.

LOve is a friend, a fire, a heaven, a hell,
Where pleasure paine and sad repentance dwell.

Love will out.

THe light of hidden fire it selfe discovers,
And love that is conceal'd betraies poore Lovers.

The parting of Lovers.

LOvers well wot what griefe it is to part,
When twixt two bodies liveth but one heart,
And Lovers say the heart hath double wrong,
When it is bard the assistance of the tongue.

The Inconstancy of Affections.

LOve well is said to be, a life in death,
That laughs and weepes, and all but in one breath.

The quality of Love.

LOve is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not grosse to sinke but light, and will aspire.

What Love is.

LOve is a golden bubble full of dreames,
That waking breakes and fils us with extreames.

Lovers

Lovers delight to be alone.

LOvers beſt like to ſee themſelves alone,
Or with their loves if needs they muſt have one.

Vowes of Lovers.

WE know not how to love, till love unblind us,
Vowes made ignorantly can never bind us.

Impoſſibility of concealing Love.

THe ſight of hidden fire it ſelfe diſcovers,
And love that is conceal'd betrayes poore lovers.

On one ſick with Love.

WHen Venus ſtrikes with beauty to the quicke,
Few are the cares for ſuch as are Love ſicke.

The errors of Lovers.

ALL men doe erre becauſe that men they be,
And men with beauty blinded cannot ſee.

What Love is.

LOve is a ſubtile influence,
Whoſe finall force ſtill hangeth in ſuſpence.

Love admits of no contrary argumcnts.

LOve hates all arguments diſputing ſtill,
For ſence gainſt reaſon with a ſenceleſſe will.

What Love is.

LOve is a blinded god, an angry Boy,
A ſlave to beauties will, a witleſſe toy;
A Ravening bird, a tyrant moſt unjuſt,
A private hell, a very Sea of luſt.

Another definition of Love.

LOve is a ſoure delight, a ſugred griefe,
A breach of reaſons Law, a ſecret Thiefe,
A living death, an ever dying life,
A Sea of teares, an everlaſting ſtrife:
A bait for fooles, A ſcourge of noble wits,
A deadly wound, a ſhot which ever hits.

The Effects of Love.

THis is the leaſt effect of Cupids dart,
To change the mind by wounding of the heart.

Cruelty of Love.

LOve is not full of mercy as men ſay,
But deafe and cruell where he meanes to prey.

The

The parting of Lovers.

LOve goes to Love as ſchoole boyes from their books,
But love from love towards Schoole with heavie lookes.

A Maxime.

TIs folly by our wiſeſt worldlings proved,
If not to gaine by love to be beloved.

The Conſtancy of Lovers.

ONce learne to love, the leſſon is but plaine,
And being learnt is never loſt againe.

The Force of Love.

WEre beauty under twenty lockes kept faſt,
Yet love breakes through, and picks them all at laſt.

Of Muſike and Love.

AS without breath no pipe doth move,
No muſicke's kindly without Love.

Love finds an opportunity.

WHen Love hath knit two hearts in perfect unity,
They ſeldome faile to find an opportunity.

Offers

Offers of Love not to be refused.

OCcasion's winged and ever flyeth fast,
Comming she smiles, and frownes once being past.

Patience of Lovers.

ONe may indure, for when the paine is past,
Reward though long it stay yet comes at last.

Sorrowes of Lovers.

SIghes are the ease calamity affords,
Which serve for speech when sorrow wanteth words.

Teares of Lovers.

SEld speaketh Love but sighs his secret pains,
Teares are his truch men, words do make him tremble,
Yet womens teares fall when they most dissemble.

On frozen affection.

THere where the hearts Atturny once is mute,
The Client breakes, As desperate of his suite.

Of true and false Love.

TRue Love's a Saint, so shall you true Love know,
False Love's a Scithian, yet a Saint in show.

The perseverance of a Lover.

DEsire being Pilot and bright beauties prize,
Who can feare sinking where such treasure lies?

The

The beginnings of Love.

FAire beauty is the ſparke of hot deſire,
And ſparkes in time will kindle to a fire.

On Luſt.

LVſt makes oblivion, beateth reaſon backe,
Forgetteth ſhames pure bluſh and honors wracke.

On Virginity.

THe ripeſt Corne dies if it be not reapt,
Beauty alone is loſt too early kept.

A cruell Miſtris.

NOthing ſo ill becomes the faire,
As cruelty which yeelds unto no prayer.

On Coyneſſe.

AWay-ward beauty doth not fancy move,
A frowne forbids, a ſmile engendreth Love.

Another.

FAire words and power attractive beauty,
Brings men to wanton in ſubjective duty.

On

On Iealousie.

WHere Iealousie in baseſt minds doth dwell,
Tis metall Vulcans Cyclops ſent from hell.

On pleaſures.

SOmething muſt ſtill be left to cheare our ſinne,
And give a touch of what ſhould not have bin;
And they that know but pleaſures price,
Alls one, a priſon or a Paradiſe.

On Chaſtity.

THe unſtained vaile which Innocents adorne.
The ungathered roſe defended with the thorne.

Another on the ſame.

PEnelope in ſpending chaſte her daies,
As worthy as Vlyſſes was of praiſe.

On the Court.

THither let Phoebus ſons reſort,
Where ſhines their Father but in Ioves great Court?

On her delaying mariage.

WHere hearts be knit what helps if not to enjoy,
Delay breeds doubts, no cunning to be coy.

On deſires.

WHat can be ſaid that Lovers cannot ſay?
Deſire can make a Doctor in a day.

On

On Misfortunes.

THe man that ſtill amidſt misfortunes ſtands,
Is ſorrowes ſlave and bound in laſting bands.

On fate.

THey fall which truſt to fortunes fickle wheele,
But ſtaid by vertue men ſhall never reele.

On diſdaine.

IN high diſdaine Love is a baſe deſire,
And Cupids flames doe ſeeme but watry fire.

On the Power of teares.

TEares tye the tongue of an accuſers grudge,
And ſoft the rigor of the ſterneſt Iudge.

On muſicke.

MVſicke can hardly ſolace humane eares, (teares
When ſtrings are broke, and eyes are fill'd with

On continued griefe.

DRops pierce the flint, not by their force or ſtrength,
But by oft falling weares it out at length.

On

On Marriage.

MAides doe take more delight when they prepare,
And think of wives ſtates then when wives they are.

On pleaſures and griefes.

PLeaſures like poſting gueſts make but ſmall ſtay,
Where griefes bide long and leave aſcore to pay.

On Youth.

YOuth learnes to change the courſe that he hath run,
When he perceives and knowes what age hath done.

On a modeſt faire one.

BEautie's a beggar, fye it is too bad,
When in it ſelfe ſufficiency is had,
It was not made to pleaſe the wandring eye,
But an attire to adorne ſweet modeſty:
If modeſty and women once doe ſever,
Farewell our fame, farewell our name for ever.

On his Will.

IT lies not in my power to love or hate,
For will in me is over-ruld by fate.

On the loſſe of Virginity.

IEwels being loſt, we find againe, this never,
Tis loſt but once, and once loſt, loſt for ever.

On Women.

LEt Wolves and beaſts be cruell in their kinds,
But women meeke and have relenting minds.

On

On coy dames.

HAte and diſdaine is painted in their eyes,
Deceit and treaſon in their boſome lyes.

Inconſtancy of women.

THey melt with words as wax againſt the ſunne,
So weake are many womens modeſties,
That what ſometimes they moſt would ſeeme to ſhield,
Another time poore ſoules unaskt they yeeld.

Another on the ſame.

WOmen have tongues of craft and hearts of guile,
They will, they will not, hell is in their ſmile.

On Luſt.

LVſt never takes a joy in what is due,
But ſtill leaves knowne delights to ſeeke out new.

On Virginity.

LIke entun'd golden ſtrings faire women are,
Which lying long untoucht will harſhly Iar.

Modeſty of women.

THough men can cover crimes with their ſterne looks,
Poore womens faces are their owne fault books.

On a womans teares.

AWomans teares are falling ſtars at night,
No ſooner ſeene but quickly out of ſight.

A Constant Woman.

COnstant in Love who tryes a womans mind,
Wealth, beauty, wit, and all in her doth find.

Passions of a Woman.

A Womans passions doth the fire resemble,
Never alike, they sinne if they dissemble.

On the finding of Beauty.

THe fairest flowers of beauty fades away,
Like the fresh Lilly in the sunne-shine day.

Another on the same.

FAire flowers that are not gathered in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

On the power of Beauty.

THe Libian Lions loose their sternest might,
If of a beauteous face they once get sight.

Women envie one anothers Beauty.

IT is a common rule, that women never
Love beauty in their Sexe, but envie it ever.

On a Beauty cloisterd up.

THings much retaind doe make us most desire them,
And beauties seldome seene make us admire them.

On.

On Beauty in meane attire.

IT is decreed that features ſhall content,
And that true beauty needs no ornament,

On Beauty not injoyed.

NEver were Cheekes of Roſes, lockes of Amber,
Ordain'd to live impriſoned in a Chamber.

Beauties for the Court.

IN vaine our friends from this doe us dehort,
For beauty will be where is moſt reſort.

Beauties not to be confined.

HEaven made Beauty like her ſelfe to view,
Not to be lockt up in a ſmoakie mew.
A Roſie tainted feature is heavens gold,
Which all joy for to touch,, all to be behold.

On the excellency and power of Beauty.

BEauty brings fancy to a dainty feaſt,
And makes a man that elſe would be a beaſt.

The effects of Beauty.

BEauty in heaven and earth this grace doth winne,
It ſupples rigor, and it leſſens ſinne.

A wooing fit in verſe.

HE E, Much adoe I have god wot,
I would love but thou wilt not.
She, Reaſon, Sir, Men are not true,
HE, Why was any falſe to you,
Sweeteſt I have lov'd thee long;
SHE, Yet Sir, Love ſhould doe no wrong.
HE, Prethee ſweet come kiſſe me then,
SHE, No Sir, Maides muſt kiſſe no men.
HE, I the Heavens for witneſſe crave,
SHE, They will ſhine cleere, though you'r a knave.
HE, Never loved a truer youth,
SHE, Men doe not alwaves ſpeake the truth.
HE By all thoſe vowes that Lovers uſe,
SHE, Thus they proteſt yet doe abuſe.
And full oft maides are deluded,
When with kiſſes Love's concluded.

A diſcourſe of Love in verſe.

BEL, When will Love be voyd of feares?
TEL, When Ieaouſie hath neither eyes nor eares.
BEL, When is Love moſt malecontent,
TEL, When Lovers range and beare their bowes unbent.
BEL, Tell me when Love is beſt fed,
TEL, When it hath ſucke the ſweet that eaſe hath bred.

BEL.

BEL. When is lovers time ill ſpent.
TEL. When love doth earne yet takes no rent,
BEL. When is time well ſpent in Love,
TEL. When deeds enſue, and words worke Love.
BEL. What calſt thou Love, I prethee tell,
TEL. It is a fountaine and that well,
Where pleaſure and repentance dwell.
It is a worke on holy day,
It is December match'd with May.
BEL. I prethee faire one doe not faine.
TEL. It is a ſun-ſhine mixt with raine,
It is a tooth-ach or like game:
It is a yea, it is a Nay,
A pretty kind of ſporting fray,
BEL. Come, come, Ile heare no more, away.

Another ſhort wooing fit in verſe.

I. SWeet ſoule to whom I vowed am a ſlave,
Let me the inioyment of my wiſhes have.
M. Sweet Sir, Let not a wretch that is ſo poore,
Expect to hord up treaſure for his ſtore.
I. Yet ſtill take heed leaſt thou thy ſelfe ſubmit,
M. To one that hath his wealth, but wants his wit,
I. Prethee be ſilent, beauty takes in rent.
M. But folly bought is worſe then money ſpent.
I. Well for this once, Ile take thee as thou art,
M. For richer for poorer agreed, mine owne ſweet heart.

The feares and reſolutions of two Lovers.

D. WHat wouldſt thou wiſh tell me deare lover,
S. How I might but thy thoughts cover.
D. If my firme Love, I were denying,
Tell me with ſighes, wouldſt thou be dying
S. Thoſe words in jeaſt to heare thee ſpeaking,
For very griefe this heart is breaking.
D. Yet wouldſt thou change? I prethee tell me,
In ſeeing one that did excell me?

S. O, no, for how can I aſpire,
To more than to my owne deſire:
This my mishap doth chiefly grieve me,
Though I do ſwear't, you'l not believe me;
D. Imagine that thou doſt not love me,
But ſome beauty that's above me.
S. To ſuch a thing ſweet doe not will me,
The naming of the ſame will kill me,
D. Forgive me faire one, Love hath feares,
S. I doe forgive, witneſſe theſe teares.

The wooing of a coy Dame.

R. THe cauſe my ſweet thou doſt deny,
M. Becauſe thou doſt not pleaſe my eye,
R. Thy reaſon why to me impart,
M. Thou doſt offend and grieve my heart.
R. There is no heart ſo fierce and hard,
M. Nor perſon of ſo ſmall regard.
R. The reaſon, doth thy Love controule,
M. Thou doſt torment my very ſoule,
R. O Remedy my loving ſmart,
M. Ile keepe ſuch danger from my heart.
R. Why doſt thou thus thy beauty keep?
M. It will deſtroy it, Sir, to weepe.
R. My paſſions doſt thou mocke at too?
M. Farewell Sir, without more to doe.

A contention betweene a Wife, a Widow, and a Maide.

WIfe, If to be borne a maid be ſuch a grace.
So was I borne, and grac'd by nature too;
But ſeeking more perfection to embrace,
I did become a Wife, as others doe.
WID. And if the Maid and Wife ſuch honour have,
I have bin both, and hold a third degree,
Moſt maids, are wards, and every Wife a ſlave;
I have my livery ſu'd, and I am free.
MAID, That is the fault that you have maidens beene,
And were not conſtant to continue ſo,
The fals of Angels did encreaſe their ſin;
In that they did ſo pure a ſtate forgoe.
WIF. Why marriage is an honourable ſtate,
WID. And widdow-hood is a reverend degree;
MAID, But maiden-head that will admit no mate,
Like majeſty it ſelfe muſt ſacred be.
WIFE, The wife is miſtris of her family,
MID. Much more the Widdow, for ſhe rules alone:
MAID, But Miſtris of my owne deſires am I:
When you rule others wils, and not your owne.
WIFE, Onely the Wife enjoyes the vertuous pleaſure,
WID. The Widow can abſtaine from pleaſures knowne,
MAID. But the uncorrupted maid preſerves ſuch meaſure
As being by pleaſures wo'd ſhe cares for none.
WIFE, The Wife is as a Diamond richly ſet,
MAID, The mayd unſet, doth yet more rich appeare;
WID. The Widow a Iewel in the Cabinet.
Which though not worne is ſtill eſteem'd as deare.
WIFE, The Wife doth Love and is beloved againe,
WID. The Widdow is awakt out of that dreame,
MAID, The maids white mind hath never ſuch a ſtaine.

No passion troubles her cleare vertues stream,
WID. Then what's a Virgin? but a fruitlesse bay,
MAID. And what's a Widdow? But a roselesse bryer,
And what are wives, but wood bindes which decay,
Yea stately Oakes, which by themselves aspire.
WID. Wives are as birds in golden cages kept,
WIFE, Yet in those Cages chearefully they sing,
WID. Widdowes are birds out of those Cages lept,
Whose joyfull notes makes all the Forrest ring,
MAID But Maids are birds amidst the Woods secure,
Which never hand could touch nor yet could take,
Nor whistle could deceive, nor baite allure,
But free unto themselves doe musicke make.
WIFE, The Wife is as a Turtle with her mate,
WID. The widdow as the widdow dove alone,
Whose truth shines most in her forsaken state.
MAID. The maid a Phenix and is still but one.
WIFE. The wife's a soule unto her body tyed,
WID. The widdow a soule departed into blisse.
MAID. The mayd an Angell which was stellified.
And now to as faire a house descended is.
WIFE, Wives are faire houses kept and furnisht well,
WID. Widdowes old Castles void, but full of state.
M. But maides are temples where the gods doe dwell.
WIFE, An office well supplyed is like a wife,
WID. The widdow like a gainefull office voyd,
MAID, But maids are like contentment in this life.
Which all the world hath sought but none enjoy'd.
MAID, Goe wife to Dunmow, and demand thy hire.
WID. Goe gentle mayd, and lead the Apes in hell.
WIFE. Goe widdow make some yonger brother rich.
And then take thought, and dye, and all is well.
WIFE, Alas poore maid, thou hast no helpe nor stay,
WID. Alas poore wife that nothing dost possesse,
MAID, Alas poore widdow, charity doth say,
Pitty the widdow and the fatherlesse.
WIFE, We wives have children, what a joy is this?
WID, Widdowes have children too, but maids have none,
MAID. No more have Angels, yet they have more blisse
Then ever yet to mortall earth was knowne.
WIFE, The wife is like a faire manured field,

WID.

WID. The widdow once was such, but now doth rest,
M. The maid like Paradise undrest until'd,
Beares crops of native vertue in her Brest.
W. Who would not dye a wife as Lucrece did,
WID. Or live a widdow as Penelope,
MAID. Or be a mayd, and so be stellified,
As all the vertues and the graces be.
W. Wives are like apples serv'd in golden dishes,
WID. Widdowes good wine which time maks better much.
M. But maids are grapes desir'd by many wishes,
But that they grow so high as none can touch,
W. I have a daughter equals you my girle.
M. The daughter doth excell the mother then,
As pearles are better than the mother of pearle.
Maydes lose their value when they match with men.
A maids the perfect'st of created things,
The purest gold that suffers no Allay,
The sweetest flower that on earths bosome springs,
The pearle unbor'd, whose price, no price can pay,
The Christ all glasse that will not venome hold,
The mirror wherein Angels love to looke,
Dianaes bathing fountaine cleare and cold,
Beauties fresh rose, and vertues living booke.
W. Maids cannot judge because they cannot tell,
What comforts and what joyes in mariage be.
M. Yes, yes, though blessed Saints in heaven do dwell,
They doe the soules in Purgatory see.
W. There never was a wife that like't her lot,
WID. Not widdow but was clad in mourning weeds,
M. Doe what you will, marry, or marry not,
both this estate, and that repentance breeds.

A Lover and his Mistris.

LOver, whilst thou didst love me, and that neck of thine
More white and soft then Roses silver downe,
Did weare a neck lace of no armes but mine;
I envied not the King of Spaine his Crowne.
MIST. Whilst of thy heart, I was sole Soveraigne,
And thou didst sing none but my beauties praise;
Which now poore Maid thou dost so much disdaine,
I envied not the Queene of Englands fame.
LOV. What though I sue to thee again for grace;
And sing thy praises sweeter than before,
If I within my heart imprint thy face,
Wilt thou love me againe, and love me more?
MIST. Thou shalt be then againe my morning Star,
Though lighter yet then floting Cork thou be;
And then the Irish Sea more angry far:
With thee 'lle wish to live, and die with thee.

A Lovers discourse with his heart.

L. SHee's cold, thou hot, how can we then agree,
H. Not nature now, but Love doth governe me.
L. What if her heart be hard, She stop her eares,
H. Ile sigh aloud, and make it soft with teares
L. Why then despaire, goe pack thee hence away,
H. I live in hope to have a happie day.

A

A Diſcourſe betweene a Lover, Death, and Cupid.

L. Come gentle death. D. who calls? L. ones oppreſt,
D. What is thy will? L. that thou abridge my woe;
By cutting off my life: D: ceaſe thy requeſt.
I cannot kill thee yet, L: Alas, Why ſo?
D. Thou wantſt thy heart. L: Who ſtole that ſame away?
D. Love whom thou ſerv'ſt, L: Entreat him if thou may.
L. Come Cupid, come. C: Who calleth me ſo oft,
L. Thy Vaſſall true whom thou ſhouldſt know by right,
C. What makes thy cry ſo faint? L: My voice is ſoft.
Quite broke and ſpent, with crying day and night.
C. What then, What's thy requeſt? L: that thou reſtore,
To me my heart and ſteale the ſame no more.
And thou O death, when I poſſeſſe my heart,
Diſpatch me then at once. D: Alas, Why ſo?
L. By promiſe thou art bound to end my ſmart.
D. But if thy heart returne, then what's thy woe?
L. That brought from froſt, it never will deſire,
To reſt with me that am more hot then fire.

Upon a ſcarfe preſented.

TAke this ſcarfe, bind Cupid hand and foot,
So love muſt aske you leave before he ſhoot,

Vpon a paire of Sissers presented.

THese Sissers doe your house-wifery bewray,
You love to worke though you are borne to play.

Vpon a looking-glasse presented.

BLind fortune doth not see how faire you be,
But gives a glasse that you your selfe may see.

Vpon a Fanne presented.

YOu love to see, and yet to be unseene,
Take then this Fanne, to be your beauties skreene.

On a plaine gold ring presented.

FOrtune doth lend you, hap it well or ill,
This plaine gold Ring to wed you to your will.

Vpon a paire of Bracelets presented.

LAdy, your hands are fallen into a snare,
For Cupids manacles these Bracelets are.

Comple-

Complement all and amorous Letters.

A Letter to renew affection.

ALthough I am assur'd I cannot dye,
In your remembrance yet I feare least I
Am like a picture veiled from the light,
And so can yeeld no pleasure to the sight,
Letters are Cupids Bellowes that doe blow,
Lovers affections, untill they doe grow,
Into a flame, these doe let Lovers find,
The absent bodies pleasures by the mind.
O let me then within your thoughts revive,
And though we are farre distant let us strive:
To meet in soule, Let love convey me to you,
But in a dreame, that I may set and woe you.
Till I doe meet againe by fates direction,
With you the Mistris of my hearts affection.

A Letter to perswade one to be constant.

COnstant Love and vertue are,
In their qualities alike,
Both in darkest nights shine faire,
Like to stars which shoot and strike,
Through the skies, so love will be,
Most knowne in sad adversity.

Therefore Love, keepe ſtill one minde,
Inſtruct the world how to Love,
Though nature doth new changes finde,
Like a center never move,
But while misfortunes doe turne round;
About thee, be thou conſtant found.
Love is like a ſacred flame,
Which quench'd, can hardly be renew'd,
But is evermore the ſame,
Then let conſtancy be ſhewed,
Virtue ſets upon a ſquare,
And conſtant friends ſtill conſtant are.
Remember all our oathes and vowes,
The bond which I on thy lips ſealed,
Heaven no perjury allowes.
Falſe hearts ſhall be at length revealed,
Though place and time our hearts divide,
They in a true Loves knot are tide.

A Letter to a Maid from one that expected no portion.

IT is your beauty faireſt, not the wealth,
Your Father meanes to give you but your ſelfe,
That I doe court, you have a ſtock of beauty,
Which doth exact from me moſt humble duty.
You have a ſmiling eye, whoſe every beame,
Excels the gliſtring ſands of Tagus ſtreame.
You haue a moyſt ſmooth tempting cherry lip,
From whence great love himſelfe may nectar ſip.
Such a freſh colour in your Cheeks is ſpread,
That Roſes bluſh for anger and looke dead,
To ſee themſelves excel'd, white Lillies grow,
High colour'd, to thinke nature ſhould beſtow
Such beauties on you, with which to compare,
Floraes bright luſtres but eclipſed are.

Since

Since thy faire cheekes are but by them ſet forth,
This pale that bluſhing at thy admired worth.
A brow ſo high, ſo faire, thence day doth break,
When you doe wake, and when you pleaſe to ſpeake,
The ſpheres ſtand ſtill liſtning to heare,
Thy voyces harmony ſo ſweet, ſo cleare,
That they doe mend, their tunes thereby,
To beare with thee a Sympathy.
Let wretched miſers then their treaſures lock,
Within their cheſts, I love thee in thy ſmocke.
Nay wert thou wrapt but in a linnen blanket,
Thy naked ſelfe could all my ſenſes banquet.
Which to confirme, let but thy love be mine,
Heres heart and hand to witneſſe, I am thine.

A Letter to excuſe the not viſiting a friend at ones departure out of Towne.

MY buſineſſe doth aſcribe this forc'd neglect,
Of viſit, not to want of due reſpect.
But to the violence of my affaires,
That doe tranſport me hence to meet with cares,
And make me moſt unfortunate to be,
Deprived of your happy company.
But in my abſence think I doe remaine,
Your ſervant till I doe returne againe.

Yours, *I.G.*

To a sweet heart farre absent in the Countrey.

THe Countrey now is happier then the City,
Injoying thy sweet face which is so pretty,
That Hobnaile fellowes staring doe gaze on the,
As if thou wert some new come dietie,
Me thinkes I see thee looke beneath a hat,
Most sweet and lovely, and thou askest what,
In market is the price of this and that,
Then tripping home thou steppest ore each stile,
Which makes my fancy in conceit to smile,
O stile thinke I, thou wert in happy case,
If thou hadst my eyes or I had thy place,
Then comming home pust off thy cloaths againe,
And mak'st thy bed most happy to containe,
Thy pretty limbes, and then I wish to be,
Your bed-fellow to beare you Company,
Farewell my dearest sweet heart, lovelyest Lasse,
That dost in features, Ladyes far surpasse.

A Complementall Letter sent to a Lady.

MAdam since that you are both great and good,
More noble by your vertues then your bloud,
Whose titles only are the badge and seale
Of the soules worth, which actions best reveale,
Pardon the high ambition of my love,
That scorning meaner objects, or to move
In an inferior Orbe below that Sphere,
Where faire resplendent Venus sheneth cleare.

Doth

Doth thus advance, and raiſe it ſelfe to finde
Beauty and vertue both in one conjoyn'd,
And ſince that my affection ſtands thus faire,
Built on a Noble ground and on the ſquare
Of vertue, this alone implyes, I am
No dung-hill borne, but a true Gentleman,
For never can a narrow mind poſſeſt,
With the opinion that low thoughts are beſt,
And eaſie in obtaining, hope to mount
His love to any object of account.
Man doth not frame his owne mind, not compoſe,
Thoſe ſoft affections which from beauty flowes.
Love hath no golden arrow, but the beames,
Shot from your eyes, the which the fond boy meanes
To ſhoot at Rovers, and ſince it chanc't that I,
Stood in the way, whilſt that his ſhafts did flye,
Sweet Lady look upon my wounded heart,
For Ladyes heretofore by phyſickes art,
Did heale thoſe pilgrims whom religion drew,
To take great Iourneys, holy Saints to view;
This ſuperſtition made the world a baby,
But I am confident in you faire Lady,
That you can heare my prayers, and alſo cure,
The wound of love, whoſe torture I endure
Then ſince that you can heare my juſt complaint,
Ile be a pilgrime to no other Saint.

A Letter to a Gentlewoman on a Sigh.

FAireſt you deſire to know
Why I ſo often ſigh. Hi, Ho,
It is not to coole *Ioves* fire.
Every ſigh doth raiſe it higher,
Nor is it to blow my flame,
Thereby to encreaſe my paine,
But to ſhew the reaſon better,
In my ſigh marke every letter.

The

The first H, stands for your hard heart,
The I, stands for your eye my smart.
The other H, my heart doth show,
The O, the vowell is your no.
Thus your hard heart and beautious eye,
And no, which doth my sute deny,
Are the cause why I doe breake
My heart with sighs which onely speake
In a language knowne to me,
Thus interpreted to be.
And now you know the reason why,
I doe so often Hi, Ho, cry.

A Letter to excuse the abrupt taking of a kisse.

IF that I did offend and doe amisse,
In forcing from you a constrained kisse;
Pardon my Love, that thus did think to plead,
And in behalfe of me to intercede.
Which if it hath offended, at the bar
Of mercy kisses to be pardoned are.
Fairest with others, let your creature sue,
Entreat and beg, that you would mercy shew,
And whilst my kisses beg, happy were I,
If I might but so rich a beggar dye.

A Letter to request a Courtesie.

THe knowledge of your vertue makes me bold,
Vpon your favour, and thus to enfold
My owne desires, in hope you will be free,
In granting of an honest courtesie.

Sine-

since a request which is made to a frind,
Should have a just time at a noble end.
Such is my suit, for I should blush to owne
A thought which being to my friend made knowne,
Should move his anger, therefore let me finde
A true expression of your generous mind
Adding this curtesie to many more,
Till backe againe, I can the like restore.

A Letter to a beautifull Gentlewoman, that was resolved to live and dye a Maid.

ARe you so young, so handsome and so pretty,
And yet resolve to dye a maid? tis pitty,
Nature did give you beauty not to show,
Vnto the world, but that you might bestow,
It on some others, and raise up your like,
Hath Cupid not one arrow left to strike
Your gentle bosome, or else will you dwell,
Within a Nunnery, or a Hermites cell,
And there for want of natures recreation,
Commit sin, by a wanton speculation?
Looke on the Pelican, and Turtle Dove,
They both are milde and chaste, yet both doe Love.
Looke on the Eglantine and wood-bind tree,
Circling the Elme, and such a maid should be.
Who should with sweet embraces gently wind,
About her Lover, while he proves as kind.
And doth fast hold her in his loving armes,
Whilst true affection both their soft hearts warmes,
Then doe not prove an enemy to nature,
But place your love on me, divinest creature,
That being come into the pleasant field,
Of Love, may reape the harvest that love yeelds.

For

For if to love you live not, you are dead,
Then live and love and looſe your mayden head.

A Letter to a Gentlewoman in excuſe of long abſence.

MY unkind fate deſerueth blame, not I,
In robbing me of your bleſt company,
And thus my thoughts ſeeme to ſuggeſt and ſay,
Write not to me, but come your ſelfe away.
O could you fancy by imagination,
The ſorrow I ſuſtaine in contemplation,
Of my long abſence, how I ſigh and groane,
And often times doe play upon the droane
Of a Tobacco-pipe, to refreſh my wits,
When they are in ſad diſcontented fits,
You would then pardon me who now d e lie
Forlorne in ſorrow, and do ſigh, and gr eve,
To thinke on you, whoſe preſence I deſire,
And burne the m re, the further from the fi e,
A flowers in winter hide their drooping head,
And all their glory is quite vaniſhed,
When the bright ſunne withdraweth his warme light,
And leaves the world deprived of his ſight,
So I like to a flower upon the ſtalke,
Wither, whilſt I in diſcontent doe walke,
Wanting thoſe beames of comfort which proceed
From your faire eyes, that do both warme and feed,
My cold diſtreſſed heart, for how can I
But droope, deprived of your company?
I have no eſſence now, for I did hold,
My life from you, I gave away and ſold
My ſelfe unto your ſervice, ſtill to be,
Your conſtant ſervant and your votary,
And though I muſt be abſent ſome few houres,
Yet know deare love my heart is ſealed yours.

A complement all Letter.

HEaven bleſſe my Love in whoſe ſweet favour,
I deſire alone to thrive,
Let fickle mindes ſeeke change and waver,
To be conſtant I will ſtrive,
Yours I am, and have no thought
That can reach beyond my Love,
But downe to you tis quickly brought,
From heaven below, to heaven above.
You are my heaven here of content,
Whither my thoughts doe aſpire,
This life is but a kind of Baniſhment,
Till I enjoy my hearts deſire.
Therefore before my winged ſoule hence fleet,
Let this one comfort unto you be given,
That in the ſpheare of love our ſoules may meet,
And both together take their flight to heaven.

A Maides Letter fearing a growing ſhame.

BLame not a Mayd, if ſhe doth thus diſcover,
What ſhe doth bluſh to tell, her faithleſſe Lover.
I know I urge but an unhappy ſuite,
Who loves the tree when he hath got the fruit?
Yet thinke upon your vowes and falſe temptation,
Let former love move your commiſeration,
This paper will not bluſh; whilſt it doth tell,
That former pleaſures now make ſorrowes ſwell.
You have enough undone me, doe not be,
For too much kindneſſe cruell unto me.

Thinke

Thinke on the ſtory of the Trojan Queene,
In whom my picture may be lively ſeene.
For when that ſhe had made her ſelfe the feaſt,
To entertaine Eneas her falſe gueſt,
He Hoiſted up his ſailes, and nere would view
The Royall Queene whom his unkindneſſe ſlew.
Poore ſilly mayd deceiv'd by your temptation,
I was orecome, our ſtories have relation.
I doe intreat you then if you would have
A happy life, and find a quiet grave;
That you would view me, not as in loves bed,
But in the Paradiſe of my maiden-head.
And had I ſo continued, I had bin
Preſerv'd in Virgin pureneſſe, cleere from ſin.
Now like a weeping penitent, I come,
In hope to move you to compaſſion.
Reſtore the raines of my maiden honor.
And think thus with your ſelfe, ſhall I go from her,
That was ſo kind to me that ſhe would venture,
On promis'd mariage, to ſcale loves indenture?
O heare thy conſcience that would thus informe thee;
And for thy loving, folly doe not ſcorne me,
But let your love be mutually expreſt,
In confidence whereof my thoughts doe reſt.

A Letter of thanks to a Gentlewoman for ſome favour received.

ALL is from your free mercy, for I know,
All merits are cryed downe, as far below
Your favours, which you doe moſt freely leave,
With ſuch as be unworthy to receive
Such lively comforts, but therein I find,
The true divinity of a worthy minde.
That on the pooreſt and unworthieſt ſpirit,
Doth let fall bleſſings far beyond all merit.

And

And with this bounty, you excite and move,
My ſoule to wonder and admire your love.
Knowing not how to render thanks as due,
For ſuch expreſſions, which ſo faire doe ſhew,
That the endeavour of my life will be,
Too meane requitals of your courteſie,
But yet I hope to prove no barren ſand,
Nor by ingratitude, a fruitleſſe land.
That doth deceive the husbandmans deſires,
And both his limbes, and expectation tyres.
But all my powers ſhall labour with much ſtrength,
Of thankfulneſſe, to pay your love at length.
And may I nere know comfort if I prove
Vngracefull to the merit of your love.

To Miſtris Penelope, *Natures Maſter-Peece, the lover expreſſes his flames of affection.*

WOnder of beauty on whom I repoſe.
Such hope of comfort, that I muſt diſcloſe
To you my ſecret thoughts, and dare to name
My ſufferings, how I martyr'd in the flame
Of your affection burne, Let not your ſcorne,
Increaſe my ſorrowes, ſo to make me mourne.
Till love increaſe in ſtrength, and doe blaze higher,
And my ſad aſhes are conſum'd with fire.
Which ſhould not be, for I doe not alone
Doate on thoſe beames which from your eyes are throwne,
Nor on your cheeks, which are the nuptiall bed,
Where Roſes are with Lillies maryed.
Nor on your lippes which cloſed ſeeme to ſmoother
Their beauty, and doe only kiſſe each other,
Theſe peeces of your beauty with a ſmile,
May ſeeme to build up a ſweet funerall pile.

For

For common Lovers, but my fancy tooke,
Another course, for it doth dare to looke
Into your soule, which crown'd with vertue sits,
Govern'd by reason, not by passions fits,
And weares a powerfull charme, that both inspires
All hearts with holy thoughts and good desires,
For vertue hidden from the common sight,
Shines out in you, as glistering stars by night
Peepe through a cloud, that all may gaze and see,
Your glorious parts, cloath'd in mortality.
So that I am afraid here to describe,
Yours sweet perfections, least they should be spy'd
By Angels, who dreſt in some mortall shape,
Would from the heavens make a swift escape,
To Court you in a dreame, and so would stay,
With you on earth, forgetfull of the way:
Backe unto heaven, whilst that they did prove,
Rivals to me, in seeking of your love.
Therefore the flames of my affections are;
Ingenuous, and not like the common snare
Of Love, which is plac'd only in the bloud,
For though I burne, my paine is understood
By such a character, as may be given,
Though it is a flame, it is deriv'd from heaven,
Kindled from a small spark, that here doth shine,
On earth, and hath a nature that's divine.
O Sweet Penelope thy beauties be
But a faire abstract or epitome
Of brightest lusters, or a streame that lead
Me on, unto the purest fountaines head,
Then let me burne still, with a flame most cleare,
From sinfull dregges so that my love appeare
An imitation of divinest love,
And if my flames too violent doe prove,
This shall at last be my concluding prayer,
Let heaven and Penelope both share
Of my poore heart, which thus now burning lyes,
Being her martyr, and heavens sacrifice.

To Mistris E.B. *Sent her with a* RING.

ROund is the world, and so is love,
No art can find out the beginning
Of circles, those on seas doe move,
Come round againe, by natures bringing,
And those that travell in loves ring,
From one point doe at first begin,
Of affection, and having found,
Love for love are then come round.
So this ring sent, shall be
Loves compasse both to you and me,
By which we to saile may venture,
Till we meet both in one center.

To a pretty witty scornefull Gentlewoman being proud of her beauty, and after troubled with the greene sickneſſe.

IF I were young as you are, I would prove,
A tyrant unto all, that sought my love.
To flout them, and to heare Narcissus cry,
Echo O Echo, for thy love I die,
And perish in the fountaine of thy face,
What art thou gon, and leav'st me in this case?
Ile walke away, and my sad story tell,
Vnto the Ghosts that in Elisium dwell.
Thus might I play the mad man, but my deare
And fairest creature in whom doth appeare
Glorious perfections, tell me would you have
Me dye for love, or weepe into my grave?

And

And give my body to the wormes to eate,
Their legacy, on one, is womans meate.
O no, your knowledge will inſtruct you fuller,
And tell you, that your owne checke is growne duller
Then it was uſuall, death it ſeemes hath ſtrooke,
A paleneſſe in it, and away hath tooke
The former beauty, which he did to be
Revenged, for your ſcorneful neſſe to me.
Death ſayes, that you this choiſe ſhall only have,
Either to marry me, or elſe your grave.

To a weeping widow, wiſhing her to wipe away Teares, with the conceit of a ſecond Husband.

ENoughof Teares, their date expires,
Doe not three daves raiſe freſh deſires
In you, or have you all ſence loſt,
Is your bloud turned to a froſt?
A widdowes griefe ſhould alwayes be
An out ſide of formality,
Or like a herſe cloth, that is laid,
Vpon the Coffin, which convai'd
Into the grave, the mourning blacke,
Is folded up, and ſo ſent backe.
Your ſorrow like the cloth laid on,
The herſe, ſhould not be convaid home
With you, why ſhould you vexe your ſelfe,
With fruitleſſe ſorrowes can your wealth
Or teares, which from your eyes doe raine,
Call your late ſpouſe to life againe?
O would you doe him ſo much wrong,
That he having gotten from the throng
Of men, out of this world to be
Bleſt with the Angels company;

Should

Should backe againe returne to give
Comfort to you, and here to live
A ſecond pilgrimage, would you wiſh,
Him for you, to leave heavens bliſſe?
Be comforted, and let not ſorrow
From your face ſuch beauty borrow,
But make it lovely, blacke becomes,
Onely funerals and Nunnes.
There is no muſicke in the grave,
Though one be loſt, ſtill you may have
Another husband, and I am bold,
To aske you, whether you can hold,
A good opinion of my love,
Which in theſe characters doth move
As active, to give you content,
You know ſweet widdow, what is meant
By active you doe never bluſh,
At words, nor yet once piſh or tuſh,
As maides doe uſe in modeſty,
Who will their owne deſires deny.
For widdowes with a better apprehenſion,
Should know, the ſecretſt thoughts intention,
Then faire one, if this letter woo you,
Let it not be unwelcome to you,
But when you doe rip up the Scale,
And read what this ſheet doth reveale
Vnto your knowledge, let your bloud
Informe you that the lines are good,
Touching quicke, and he that writ
This Letter, doth your fancy fit
For letters unto widdowes ſent,
Should be like challenges full bent,
To dare them from Citie or Court,
To play a prize, at Cupids ſport.
But you will ſay that I doe Ieſt.
And doe maintaine within my breſt.
A wanton flame, I cannot mourne
With you, nor yet with ſorrow turne
Like Niobe into a ſtone, but live
I would that I might comfort give
To you ſweet widdow, then be content,
To make me yours ſans complement,

To

To a young Maid.

COme thou faireſt maſter-peece,
Of natures worke, her golden fleece,
Let me enjoy thee, flowers will fade,
If not refreſht, dye not a maid,
Let us agree to appoint a day,
To gather flowers, why ſhould you ſtay
So long a Virgin, what have you done,
To nature and your ſelfe? a Nunne
Deſerves not beautie, it is a mate,
Makes Cupids darling fortunate.
Since youth and beauty then invite
You thus to play for your delight,
Let loves tables opened be,
Feare not, you are well match'd with me,
Stake your maiden-head, you ſhall chooſe,
Whether you will winne or looſe,
Or if you looſe, I doe beleeve,
You will not for your loſſe once grieve.

To a young Gentlewoman, that diſdained her Lover.

ONce more I have preſum'd to eaſe my grieſe,
With theſe ſad lines, in hope of ſome relieſe,
O wretched I, that ſuffer in the flame,
Of love, yet dare not of my love complaine,
Nor ſighs nor teares, will I in this caſe uſe,
Nor thee my love, will I at all accuſe,
Since tis my cruell fate, that I muſt be
Martyr'd with Love, and onely dye for thee.
Yet let me aske one queſtion, are they leaſt
Rewarded with true love, that doe love beſt,
Or is it but in me, held an offence,
To love you, ſince that the ſweet influence,
Of one faire ſmile from you, renews lifes flame,
And one ſad frowne, can put it out againe,
Like a third ſiſter; If you Love deny,
You cut my thred of life, and I muſt dye.

A complemental all Letter to a Beautifull young Gentlewoman.

FOr me to praiſe your beauty, would appeare
A flattery, for when the funne ſhines cleare,
All doe admire his beames, even ſo your eyes,
Are like to Stars, that ſhine in beauties skies,
And have a kind of influence below,
To make hearts all obedience to you ſhow,
Your cheekes are Roſes, and your haire is amber,
The odor of your breath perfumes your Chamber,
Your Lips are like unto the reſpaſſe berry.
Or like unto a full ripe ſwelling cherry,
Your brow is Cupids bow, moſt ſweetly bent,
From whence loves golden arrow ſtill is ſent,
Your breaſts are like a paire of mountaines,
Not yet reſolved into nectar fountaines,
Till love a pleaſant moyſture to them brings,
And raiſes up on them two happy ſprings,
But then below, there lies the happy vally,
Where young Adonis did with Venus dally,
And to behold it ſeemed much aſhamed,
He bluſht, and ſo this vally is yet unnamed.
Yet howſoever it be not expreſt,
Lovers have fancies, to conceive it beſt,
Thus I acknowledge you, divineſt creature,
To be a model of the ſweeteſt feature.
Then ſince that nature hath adorn'd each part,
With ſuch perfections, I doe hope your heart,
Is of ſo ſweet a temper to let fall
Pitty on him, who doth not know at all
The art of Complements, for Love is beſt,
When it is naked with plaine words expreſt,
Yet if you pleaſe to reckon me for one,
That am devoted in affection,
Vnto your ſervice, I ſhall repute of this,
As earths chiefe happineſſe and heavens bliſſe.

Phraſes, for the beginnings of Letters, for our greater ſpeede in our urgent occaſions.

DEſiring to refreſh the memory of your good will.

I thanke you for the courteſie I received at your hands.

I pray you honour me ſo much, as to beare my Neece company.

Let me requeſt this courteſie at your hands.

I muſt intreate you to have me excuſed.

I am wonderfully taken with the reading of your Letters.

Sir, I am not ignorant of the affection you beare to me.

There ſhall be nothing wanting in me, who have beene alwaies tender of your honour.

Sir, I have wel conſidered of your friendſhip, and the worthy affection you beare me.

Sir,

Sir, Let me adviſe you, not to let ſlip this opportunity.

Excuſe me, if my haſte force me to be too familiar with you.

Phraſes for the concluſions of Letters in haſte.

WHerefore I pray you adviſe me, or give me counſel, ſince in all things you may diſpoſe of me.

Wherefore be pleaſed to excuſe me.

Wherefore I doe againe deſire you.

I will imploy all my power in it.

The beſt intereſt, or uſe which you ſhall have for the money you lent me, is, that I will here confeſſe and ſubſcribe my ſelfe, your, *&c.*

So as you will have a little patience, I will doe you reaſon, or, I will doe all that ſhall be fitting.

When you ſhal have neede of my ware, or of any thing my ſhoppe affords, it is at your command, or ſervice.

In any thing, wherein I ſhall have the

meanes to ſerve you, I will doe it with a very good will.

If you have need of me, I pray you ſpare me not ſince I am alwaies yours.

If you thinke good, I pray you ſend for it, for it is at your command.

I ſhall acquit my ſelfe therein, as I ſhould doe in my owne buſineſſe.

You ſhall finde me alwaies ready to obey you.

If you deale well with me now, you will give mee occaſion to pleaſure you another time.

If you ſend not the ſumme you owe me, you will conſtraine me to take ſome other courſe.

I pray you adviſe me in it.

I will ever doe it with all my heart:

I will not faile to advertiſe you.

All that I have, it is at your command.

I will take the boldneſſe to ſalute you, with my moſt humble recommends.

I ſhall doe it with as good a will, as I now recommend me to your good favour, with my prayers to God, to give you even what your heart deſireth.

Deſiring God to give you the continuance,

ance, and increaſe of all kinde of proſperity, with my prayers to God, to give you, with your perfect health, the accompliſhment of your wiſhes.

Praying to God for your contentment. Even ſo I take my leave.

And ſo I reſt or remaine for ever, evermore, alwaies, *Yours*, &c.

The Garden-Knot of faire and rare Letters of Complement.

An offer of ſervice.

Sir, Theſe ſtrokes of my hand, ſhall ſerve to intreat you to honour me with yours, and to confirme to you anew the purpoſe I have alwaies had in my ſoule, which is a perfect will to live faithfully, that I may die conſtant.

Yours *Sir*.

Another.

Sir, This my duty ſhall confirme the reſt, which I deſire to yeeld you by my ſervice. With this requeſt, that you hold me ſtill in your remembrance, as him that ſhall never affect other merit then that of obeying you, whereby to be by you eſteemed,

Sir, The moſt obedient of all
Your ſervants.

Another upon the ſending of a token.

SEE, *Sir*, I doe not forget you, witneſſe this preſent, and a thouſand more evidences, which I ſhall give you for ſecurity of my continued affection; and in all occaſions, you ſhall finde me what I profeſſe, that is,

Sir, Yours.

A Letter of requeſt to entertaine a friend.

Sir, If I can tell how to crave of you, much better can I obey you: but for lacke of your commands, I make my prayers to you and

and especially for this, to honour this friend of mine with your favour; he shall be obliged, and bound to you; he, as indifferent, and I, *Sir*, as

Your most affectionate *Servant.*

Another to the same effect.

Sir, MY passionate desire to doe you service emboldens me to take pen in hand, to beseech you to do this friend of mine a favour; the matter is but small, but the acknowledgement shall be great, I shall expect this courtesie of you, as you from me will looke for all manner of service, sith in very deed *Sir*, I am

Your most humble *Servant.*

A Letter for Answer to requests.

I Honour your requests too much to refuse them, much more your commands to refuse them; so that by obliging you, I content my selfe. I have therefore effected your will, which I account mine owne, with as much vehemence, as shall be requi-

site for your service: for whilst I am any thing, *Sir*, I am

Your Servant.

Another humble expression of ones selfe to a friend.

Sir, I am so destined to obey you, that I never had a more passionate desire in my soule for any thing, endeavour then to content me, by making use of my services, for they belong to you, and I bestow them on you; without reserving ought, but the honour of that employment, sith that will make me still appeare, whereseoever I am, like my selfe, which is,

Your most humble, &c.

Another.

Sir, Your requests are effected, aud by consequent, my desires accomplished; the one depending on the other: for the least of those things that may pleasure you, shall be alwaies my contentment. Spare not then my services, that I may obey you; for should they bee unworthy of your commands,

mands, remember at leaſt, how they proceed, *Sir*, from

Your moſt humble Servitour.

A Letter of Excuſe.

Sir, Though you were deprived of my Letters, you were not of my remembrance: but if the want of a good opportunitie will excuſe me, my good will muſt ſatisfie you. And indeed I had no newes to ſend you, *Sir*, ſave onely, that I am alwaies

Yours.

To a ſicke friend.

SIR, Being aſcertained of your ſickneſſe, I was no more in doubt of mine owne harme, ſith the leaſt you feele, is to me an extreame griefe. Now if my prayers can doe any thing for your health, and conſequently, for my comfort, you will be ſoone well, and I content,

Sir, Who am, your moſt humble.

A Letter to her Sweet heart.

YOu binde me and unbind, pardon me faireſt, if this word offend thee, when you tell me you love me, can I have any greater obligation? the offence is not ſmall that you had not written to me, but that you promiſed me, for I am indebted to your promiſe, and not to your love: remember I beſeech you that I am not yours, becauſe I have promiſed you, that becauſe I am truly yours, and that I deſire not Letters for the conditions that are betweene us, but for the ſole witneſſe of your good will not welcomming them as merchandizes, but as being ſent me from a wounded heart;

Thus I am thine, Farewell.

A Letter from a quondam Miſtris.

SIr, ſince I am conſtrain'd by my fathers commands, I muſt intreate you to end that love which heretofore I conjured you

to

to keep eternall. I am intended for an advancement, yet can I not leave ſenſibly to feele the ſeparation of our loves, yet ſince it is folly to contrary that which muſt fall out otherwiſe, I counſell you to arme your ſelfe with ſtrong reſolutions, and ſo to forget all that hath paſt betweene us that you have no memory of me, as I for duties ſake am conſtrained to forget thee,

Being now not my owne.

His Anſwer.

GOe paper more happy then him that ſends thee, accompanied with thy blots in ſtead of teares kiſſe her hands, which having kiſt, ſince ſhee hath robbed me of my heart, certifie her that day and night, I turne my ſelfe into ſtreames of teares to waſh away her unfaithfulneſſe, tel her faithfull paper that by unbēding the bow ſhe can never heale the wound which ſhe hath made in her faith, and my love, and that my griefes ſhall witneſſe to the world that as ſhe is moſt faire, ſo ſhe is moſt unconſtant

to

to her Lover who can finde content in nothing but death, and therefore bids her for ever farewell.

A Letter to a Lord proteſting Love.

Sir, I receiv'd your Letter and withall perus'd thoſe undeſerved commendations of my perfections as you call them, to which you annexed the proteſtations of your ſervice, which you muſt give me leave to queſtion, for I ſhall alwaies doubt whether ſo honorable a perſonage as your Lordſhip can yeeld ſervice to ſo meane a Lady, or if Love had ſuch power, whether you would obey: now worthy *Sir*, upon theſe warrants and your free offers of ſervice, I binde you by a courteous requeſt to conclude a ſpeedy peace, that I may without danger of hoſtility repaire to Dianaes temple, ſo ſhall I be bound to doe you any honourable favour, Farewell.

His

His ſhort anſwer.

MY deereſt, if the diſſembling which you injoyne me to, be to cauſe me to dye of griefe, you may eaſily doe it with a frowne, and then my death will give you a ſpeedy and deplorable demonſtration how truly I have loved you, Farewell.

Her anſwer.

IF there be any thing in you that pleaſes me, your death is the leaſt: the acknowledgement of your fault hath ſatisfied me, and I will have no other revenge of your boldneſſe then the miſeries you ſuffer: know your ſelfe better hereafter,

Farewell, and live, cheriſh your ſelfe and hope.

A Letter on his Mistris in his absence.

FAIREST, I left thee with griefe, but am returned with pleasure and contentment, deny me not therefore thy presence, but let me see thee, that I may recount my fortunes to thee who art the fortune of my fortunes,

Farewell.

A Letter protesting affection.

IF I have not alwaiesloved you, let me never be beloved of any; if my affections doe ever change, let my present misfortunes never change. If you beleeve not the oath I have made you, take what proofe you will of me, and you shall find that I am more urs, then I can assure you by my true, but t feeble words, Farewell.

To

To congratulate a friend.

Sir, I much rejoyce at the ſucceſſe of your buſineſſe, and even ſo, as if it had arrived to me, I could not more celebrate it in my ſoule; ſo much doe I tender your content: but this is but a duty, to the friendſhippe I owe you; and a neceſſity, to the zeale I have to your ſervice, wherein I doe but oblige me to my ſelfe: meane while be it how it will, the ſame proceeds but from,

Sir, Your moſt humble.

A farewell to a friend going a neceſſary Voyage.

Sir, an irkeſome neceſſity deprives me a long while from the honour of your preſence (but not without griefe) for your converſation is ſo pleaſing to me, that I have alwaies preferred it before all manner of delights. Iudge now therefore, if ſeparated from

from you, I can live content: but for all that, I muſt ſuffer this harme, ſith it is neceſſary for my good. Meane while, remember your ſelfe, that I ſhall never forget you, and where ever I be, will appeare as I am,

Sir, Yours,

Excuſe.

Sir, If lawfull excuſes exempt duty, I am abſolved of the promiſes I have made you, throughthe importunity of affaires that have befalne me: it grieves me nevertheleſſe, for not keeping my word with you, and that griefe, with my good will, may ſatisfie you, I ſhall ſhortly doe my ſelfe the happineſſe to ſee you, and the honour to ſerve you,

Sir, Sith I am *Yours,* &c.

Of a new married man to his Brother in Law.

Sir, The honour of your alliance is ſo deare to you, that I ſhall never thinke me more happy, then when I ſhall deeme my ſelfe capable to deſerve it. This duty will witneſſe to you, how conſiderable you are with

with me, which at once hath given me, with the desire to know you, the will to serve you, I have no other passion in my soule, nor other ambition in my designes: it is all I hope for, it is every thing I looke for, yea, with so much impatience as I have left off my liberty (after so sweet a servitude) to live faithfull, that I may dye constant

Sir, The most humble of your

Servants.

A Letter by way of protestation.

Sir, The honour of your friendship so obligeth me to make some worthy acknowledgement, that I am all full of will to serve you, and as full of default in the performance; I will therefore waite the time and occasion, wherein by your command I may signallize my obedience, which shall alwaies, and whereseever I be, make me appeare as I am,

Sir, That is, *Your*, &c.

An-

Another to a friend obliged by favours.

SIR, you ſtill delight in obliging ſuch as are moſt beholding unto you; I am witneſſe of it, and your courteſie is the triall: ſo that I am aſhamed to be alwaies engaged, without ſo much as the hope ever to acknowledge the favour rightly. Nevertheleſſe, if a fervent paſſion perfectly zealous for your ſervice, can ſatisfie you in my defaults, accept of it, I beſeech you, ſince it proceeds,

Sir, From your moſt humble, &c.

To complaine for ſome offence.

SIR, Your words offend much, and your deeds much more; I pitty them both; the one makes you ſeeme milde, and the other, raſh; I thinke you are not the man to repent it: but he that does ill, is not abſolved for being ſorry for it, he muſt doe penance

nance for it. Looke to your owne matters therefore, that you may never talke of others. I take nothing in jeſt, when one pinches me. If you doubt it, ther's my Name, which ſhall make good my words.

N.

A preſentment of ſervice.

Miſtris, It is long ſince, that too much diſcretion hath kept me from writing to you; and it may be too much boldneſſe permits it me now; I pray you therefore pardon me, before you judge me guilty: that ſo I may be rather abſolved, then accuſed: for although I had no other purpoſe, then to tender you my ſervice, as now I doe, with my faith to boote, for aſſurance of my fidelity: yet am I fearefull of too much undertaking: but howſoever, chaſtiſe me as you pleaſe. *Miſtris*, Ther's my Name and Surname,

Your humble, and moſt affectionate *Servant.*

Another

An other of Love.

Mistris, Sith at the sole aspect of your eyes, my heart sighes for love, as taken with your wonders; I shall incessantly blesse the day of your acquaintance, and consequently of her that is the most perfectly faire on earth: and already resigning my will to yours, I will so passionately cherish my thraldome, that the feare alone of being free will make me miserable. Make good my purpose then, Sweet, *Mistris*,

But alwaies in this quality, of your most affectionate Servant.

Another.

Mistris, When to admire you I staid mine eyes at your object, my heart insensibly taken, bewailed her captivity; so as I found my selfe in love, before I had so

ſo much as the hope to be ſo. And yet I ſhould not complaine; I rather will bleſſe the day that bereſt mee of my liberty with the ſole armes of your merits, without reſerving any freedome to my ſelfe,

Miſtris, other then the word to ſpeake me, Your ſervant.

Another.

Lady, I have ſuch an inclination to your love, that I muſt needs be deſtined for your ſervice. Now if it be a fatall inſtinct in me, that my obeiſance ſhould waite upon the honour of your commands, is it not neceſſary for you,

Miſtris, To believe me to be your ſervant?

Another.

Miſtris, If admiration have onely eyes for your beauty, and if *Cupid* be not blinde, but to eſchew hurts from you, can I have

have an heart without loving you, or a ſoule without adoring you? And can I be mortall, and not ſenſible of your charmes? Oh no, *Miſtris*, I have too much honour, in being your Captive; and too much glory, in being your ſlave.

Another.

Miſtris, This inſtant letter will tell you I am your ſervant. If you aske me the cauſe: It is your merit, and the effect ſhall be my obedience, if you deeme me as worthy of your commands, as you are of my ſervices. I have a *Miſtris* to my wiſh, and by conſequence, am

Your Servitour, &c.

Another.

Miſtris, I am yours: for having nothing to offer you worthy of your merit, I beſtow my ſelfe; but it is as your Captive and ſlave.

Ano-

Another.

SIth your eyes have wounded my heart, the wound is mortall. If I muſt die, it ſhall be for love. Happy death, happy cauſe! I will have no remedy, for my heart is too noble to crave a cure. Confeſſe onely you have vanquiſhed me, and I ſhall confeſſe my defeate, being it proceeds from the moſt perfect creature on earth.

A Letter of a deſpairing Lover.

SOmetimes Love, at this time the deſpaire of Love, hath put the pen into my hand, with a purpoſe if it returne me no redreſſe, to change it into a ſword, which promiſes me a full though a cruell healing; the blanke paper which you have ſent me, for an anſwer, is a teſtimony of my innocency, ſince it is as if you had ſaid, you have found nothing to accuſe me of, from whence otherwiſe could your ſilence proceed? If you have any

any remembrance of my faithfull ſervice, for pitty I deſire of you either life or death: this is all that is requeſted at your hands by your deſpairing Lover.

Her anſwere.

DRaw from your evill the knowledge of your good: if you had not bin beloved, you could never have had a ſence of any thing; till you are forgiven, you ſhall not know your offence: in the meane ſpace hope and live.

To a Lady promiſing revenge on his enemy.

M*Adam*, who doubts of my innocency ſhall be guilty and offend againſt truth, cloſed eyes ſee not the light, though without a ſhadow it ſhine on them, eſpecially when thoſe eyes are ſhut againſt the brightneſſe of my juſtice: therefore if the bloud of mine enemy cannot waſh away my

my ſtaine, I will voluntarily adde thereunto mine owne, ſince that I have no other way to preſerve my life left me, I am ready to render it; farewell,

Her anſwer.

Sir, The wounds of the body are not alwaies healed, though they be out of danger, no more they of the mind: but having removed the difficulties by your valour and prudence, you muſt give time leave to work her ordinary actions, in the meane ſpace ſhe that loves you waites an opportunity till the blemiſhes of your honour are waſht off by the expreſſions of your vertues, that you may appeare cleere, and as bright as day againe in the eyes of her that admires you,

A Lovers offer of his ſervice to his Miſtris.

FAire *Miſtris*, had I vertue to perſwade you as you have power to make me love

you the discovery of my blazing affections would melt you, were you a mountaine of Ice, to pitty, but for that love is more vehement in the heart, then in the tongue; I appeale to your motions for grace, if you have ever loved; if not, I hope for such Iustice at *Venus* hands, that you shall thus much I say, though I place no confidence in my owne wishes, because they convert to ayre, yet I presume of my owne indeavours, for that I have vowed my life to death, to do you service, of which you can have no better assurance, than to imploy me, nor I a higher favour than to be *Yours.*

A letter of a lover, requesting speedy remedy.

GOod *Madam*, Martyr me not with doubts, since my affections are so violent, and the excellence of your beauty doth so exceed, so that the full power of love hath made me in the state of flaming flax, which is presently to be quenched, or wil suddenly burne: thus longing for your gracious and sudden answer, I kisse your hand, and am

No more my owne.

A

A Letter from a languiſhing lover.

MOre of zeale to doe you ſervice, than deſire I have to live, I here preſent you my conſumed ſelfe, onely kept alive by the light of your faire beauty, that ſitteth crowned in the palace of my heart, which bleeding at your feet, beggeth the meanes of my cure: if you vouchſafe it, I live; if not, you muſt ſee my death: and thus doubtfull between both, till I kiſſe your ſweet anſwer, I remaine,

Vnto my laſt gaſpe *Yours.*

Her anſwer.

I Am not cruell, though with difficulty I conſent to love; and for that your paſſions are ſo extreame, I keepe your picture in my boſome, but with what thought, I bluſh to write, though pitty be my warrant, ſo that I leave the event of our love to your conſideration, for know ſweet *Sir*, that being overcome to ſee your paſſions ſo great, I cannot but commit my love, my honour, my ſelfe, and all to your affection, and wiſe government, Farewell.

A Letter to his Miſtris.

FAireſt, ſince it is a commonthing to love, and a miracle to ſubdue affection, Let it not ſeeme ſtrange that I am a ſlave to your beauty, nor wonder though I ſue for grace, ſince the lover like a ſicke patient, is inforc'd to ſeeke comfort of his miſtris: to poove that I love you, needs no other teſtimony then the witneſſe of your rare perfections, for the preſent I balme my wounds with a hope that I ſhall kiſſe your gracious hand, and that your anſwer wil returne an acceptance of the ſervice of him

Whoſe heart waiteth on your
Beauty.

A Letter to his Miſtris, upon ſervice injoyned.

FAire *Nimph*, May all contents and pleaſures dwell with you, as all mine depend

pend on you, I perceive now you command me to action, but Love which is ever accompanied with doubts commands me to trembie, but let heaven doe with me what it pleaſeth, I know it will not deny me a grave.

A Letter complaining of the cruelty of his Miſtris.

FAireſt, If your eyes were as full of variety as they are to cauſe love, the ſweetneſſe which they promiſe at the firſt, would make me adore them with as much contentment as they have produced in me of vaine hope; but ſo farre are they from the performance of their deceitfull promiſes, that they will not ſo much as confeſſe them, and ſo wide from healing my hurt, that they will not acknowledge themſelves Authors, as if with you they purpoſe to equall cruelty with beauty, ſince you have ordained that the affection that you have cauſed to be born in me ſhould cruelly dye in me, was there ever a more unpityfull mother but I, who

held more deare that which came from you than my life, being unable to ſuffer ſo great an injuſtice, am reſolved to carry my affections with me into the grave, hoping that the heavens moved at laſt, will through my patient ſuffering, make me as deare to you, as you are now cruell to me, Farewell.

A Letter from a deſpairing lover.

IF you have regard to the preſumption which hath forced me to love, my death which followes it, ſhall revenge it on you; but if it be indifferent to you, I aſſure my ſelfe, that this laſt act of my affection ſhall gaine ſomewhat more in your ſoule: if it fall out ſo, I ſhall cheriſh the reſemblance of your beauty more than my birth, ſince by it I came into the world to be troubleſome to you; and by the other, I goe out of it, and leave you.

Ano-

Another.

Miſtris, My heart is yours, my obedience belongs to your commands, and my whole will is yours: ſo that I have nothing free but ſpeech, to ſay, I am

Your Servitour.

Another.

Miſtris, From the time that with your beauty, I had the knowledge of your merits, I felt ſome ſecret power, which ſweetly enforced my will to honour you, and my heart to aſpire at nought but your love. If ſo be then, that my ſervices, whereof Heaven hath reſerved the integrity for your commands, may be never ſo little pleaſing to you, permit,

Miſtris, That I may honour my ſelfe, with this title of your *Servant.*

Another Letter of Service.

SIR, I have received, by way of duty, the honour of your Letter; whereby I have ſeene the ſubmiſſions of ſervices which you doe me, but unfittingly, for which I am more beholding to your courteſie, then to any merit of mine: Now to accept of them were without reaſon; as to refuſe them would be held diſdainefull; I doe therefore receive the proffer, but leave the effects to your ſelfe, that ſo you may not ſerve

Sir, Her that favours you.

Another.

SIR, If the ſervices which your honeſty will needs yeeld me, gather only life from my merit, or beauty, they have but their name; for there can be no defect, if there be no cauſe: So that I never having

any

any beauty, or merit, you are but my ſervant in word, *Sir*, but I am yours in deed.

Another.

SIR, If my duty have entertained yours, mine honeſty hath refuſed your offers, as too worthy of me, and I am unworthy of them. I ſhall nevertheleſſe, for mine owne ſake, reſerve the honour to my ſelfe, *Sir*, who am

Your ſervant.

Another to the ſame effect.

SIR, I accuſe my duty for your ſatisfaction, for that I have deprived you of my Letters; and confeſſe me guilty, before you accuſe me, the rather to merit grace. Deny it me not then I beſeech you, as you regard him that begs it *Sir*, who is the moſt affectionate of all your *Servants*.

Another to the same effect.

ALbeit one selfe same cause makes us pardonable, for having beene alike silent, yet doe I know my duties interest, in having unjustly deprived you, (being obliged to you as I am) of the effects of my remembrance, which grieves my soule, and which griefe I present to you, but alwaies in my quality,

Sir, of your humble servitour.

A Letter desiring better acquaintance.

SIR, Although my merit be not such as may presume to deserve the honour I have to write to you, yet the desire nevertheless I have to introduce my selfe into your acquaintance and friendship, hath emboldened me to present these lines to you, and to receive the honour of your commands, and to tender to you the offers of my service. Yours. A

A Letter from one to his Mistris.

IT is impossible to see you without loving you, but much more to love you without being extreame in that affection, so that if for my defence it shall please you to consider this truth when this paper shall present it selfe before your eyes, I assure my selfe that the greatnesse of my hurt shall obtaine by pitty as much pardon from you, as the boldnesse which hath raised me to this worth, may merit just punishment, attending the Iudgement which I shall give, suffer me a thousand and a thousand times to kisse your faire hands and rest.

A Letter to Cœlia.

Mistris,

IF perfection be not in the world, but to make you admired: if love bee not love, but to make you be beloved; if sacrifices be not but to make you be adored; who can

can see you without admiration, who can admire you without love, and who can love without adoring you? he must be one that hath neither eyes, heart, nor soule: for if my eyes admire you, affection will have it so: if my heart loves you, reason commands it, if my soule adores you, heaven permits it: so that these three necessities forming it for you, I present it to you.

Deare *Mistris*, under the Title
of yours, *Eugenius*.

A Letter.

SIR, It is needlesse for me to say I love you, since my actions hitherto have given you no testimony to the contrary. Truce then for my words, I will that my deeds shall speak, and tell you that in effect I will during life be

Yours.

A Letter of acknowledgement.

WHat worthy acknowledgement can I give to your obligations, when their extremitie bereaves me of the hope: my duty remaines penſive at the exceſſe of your courteſies; for being never able to tender you other, than unworthy effects of your merits. I have indeede but the will, and that is but a ſhadow for a body; yet compoſe it, I beſeech you, whilſt you remember how it proceeds from

Your moſt humble ſervant.

Another.

SIR, With what kind of duties ſhall I acknowledge your courteſies; which have ſo obliged me, that to tell them right, one muſt be ſilent? To offer you my ſervice; it is already your owne. To preſent my ſelfe; I am

am yours long ſince. I then have nought but defaults, for your ſatisfaction; but a thouſand ſervices, for your obeyſance; for my being in generall, depends on that particular, of *Your* moſt humble ſervitour.

Another.

SIR, I have nothing, yet I owe much. To preſent you with wiſhes, for effects, were but too weake recompences. I will therefore give you mine endeavours, for all your courteſies; honouring and ſerving you whilſt I live; all which life of mine is deſtined for no earthly thing, but your commands.

Another.

SIR, Your courteſies have too much obliged me, ever to forget them; I ſhall celebrate them particularly in my ſoule, whereby to be able to acknowledge them, in the leaſt preſenting ſerviceable occaſion, & live alwaies

alwaies with this will, never to dye beholding to you,

Sir, but yet your most humble

Servitour.

Another.

SIR, I can honour your merits by reason, and acknowledge by duty your courtesies which have too much obliged me, to be ungratefull: though I can never make you worthy satisfaction; yet shall I have alwaies both the desire and hope of it, and in the meane while a stedfast will to live and dye,

Sir, Yours.

For telling of newes.

SIR, Desirous of your contentment, as of mine owne, I have taken pen in hand, to tell you whatsoever hath past. Now you have seene what is new, take the old with it: which is, that I am alwaies,

Sir, Your *Servitour.*

A Letter of acknowledgement of being beloved.

SHall I conceale ſuch an exceſſive happineſſe, as to be loved by you, *My deare?* Or ſhall I publiſh it, to make it greater? No, no, my ſilence may honour it, yet my words ſhall make it the more glorious; for in leaving it, I ſhall deprive its memory of forgetfulneſſe. I will therefore have my mouth continually cloſed up, againſt the confeſſion of it, my minde taken in the thought of it, and my ſoule wrapped in the ſole object of its *Idea*. And ſo bleſſing my birth, for the happineſſe of yours, that your death may be my Tombe. In the meane while, my whole happineſſe and glory ſhall conſiſt in this quality, of

Your moſt humble ſervant,

A

A Letter of abſence.

Miſtris, Since the day of your departure, which was alſo reckoned the ſame of my contentment, teares and griefs have been inſeparable with my life: all kind of objects are to me defective, nothing pleaſes me, but what diſlikes me; and if your memory did not ſtill accompany me in my actions, I ſhould forget my ſelfe, and in ſtead of preſerving my life for your ſervice, ſhould deſtroy it for mine owne content. If you deſire to judge of my griefe, judge what your ſelfe are, *Miſtris*, which is the faireſt of the world, and I the moſt afflicted of all your ſervants.

Another.

Miſtris, Sith for counterpoiſe of my love, I ſuffer the griefe of your abſence, I doe even indure all that ever can be con-

conceived in rigorous torments: the daies ſhine not on me, but to inlighten my miſhap; for the Sunne laughs at my paine, as I ſcorne his brightneſſe, in that I acknowledge none more worthy, than that of your eyes, long ſince my Conquerers, and ſtill mine idols. But what ſhall I ſay? I am borne to endure, and to love you, *Miſtris*,

But alwaies in this quality, of your
moſt humble Servant.

Letters of Abſence.

IF thoſe griefes, which are ſtill preſent, ſince your abſence did not make me hope for a ſpeedy death, I ſhould bewaile the birth of my daies, that doe enlighten me without ſhining, for deprived of the brightneſſe of your eyes, I can acknowledge none other in the world, as having vanquiſhed me, and that with ſo many charmes, as that they are not content, that I adore them, but that they are ſtill burning me. Well, this is ſome-

ſome what too much; but yet too little for your merits. Wherefore I will never be weary of ſuffering, no more then of loving you. Believe my harme at leaſtwiſe, and your beliefe ſhall be my remedy, and my honour my quality,

Miſtris, Of your moſt humble
Servitour.

Another.

Miſtris, If the ſorrow which your abſence hath cauſed in my ſoule, could give me as many words to expreſſe it, as I have griefes to bewaile it; I ſhould thinke my ſelfe ſatisfied. But for too much induring, I muſt be ſilent in my torment; yet never in my quality,

Miſtris, Of your moſt humble
Servant.

Another

Answer.

SIR, What kinde of trouble can such an indifferent absence bring to your content? No, no, it can be but an imaginary feeling, though it seemes reall, by your owne words, speaking you unable to expresse, being ther's no such thing, your silence is your great advantage; since it expresses your torment, without saying any thing of it: But not the title which your faire carriage gives you, of being my servitour; as to me it doth likewise the endeavour, *Sir*, of deserving the stile and quality, of your servant.

Another.

SIR, I can give but fained remedie to an imaginary torment like yours, for mine absence is of too indifferent a nature to cause your

your griefe or trouble, and I beſeech you diſpence with me for believing it, ſince alſo mine owne knowledge forbids it, as reaſon doth otherwiſe to ſay I am

Sir, Your ſervant.

Upon a point of rigour.

IF love and cruelty be two contrary things, your love muſt needs be fained, ſince your rigour is reall. Ceaſe then to make me ſuffer, and I ſhall believe you love me, for my paine and your cruelty are too oppoſite to perſiſt together: adieu my deare, and though too cruell.

I am your Servitour.

Another.

SIR, You complaine of my abſence, and I of yours: you would enjoy my preſence, but your diſcretion forbids it you, and me the happineſſe to ſee you; but my want of

of power oppoſeth it: ſo that grievances ſhould be leſſe in that they are equally ſhared: but not the quality which I take,

Sir, of your ſervant.

Another.

TO ſee you without admiration, is paſt my power; to admire and love you, is a neceſſity; but to love and indure yours, is a conſequence: for you have ſo much merit, that one can hardly deſire, much leſſe hope for the honour of your good favours. Iudge then who can but worthily ſerve you? Sure he is yet unborne, nay, in earneſt, i'le pawne my ſoule on't, yet with your leave, *Miſtris*,

For I am Yours.

To his Lady.

TO deſpiſe ſuch as honour you, to diſdaine ſuch as love you, to make no account of ſuch as are faithfully yours, are thoſe the actions of a faire ſoule like yours?

Or

Or are these but words, that honour mee with a hope of some effects of your good remembrance? Oh, it is a little too rigorous! Confesse it, that you may repent, and to give him content, who cannot bee absent from you,

Mistris, As your most humble
Servitour:

To a kinswoman.

Mistris, Albeit your actions, in appearance have witnessed, that I was no otherwise in your esteeme, than of an indifferent quality; yet my desires being still secretly zealous for your service, in their naturall instinct, aspiring at nothing but your good, have disarmed my purpose, bent to your disgrace, so to restore me to my selfe, and make me the same I am to you, which is,

Mistris, Your most affectionate
servant and kinsman.

Upon

Upon the inconſtancy of a ſervant.

SIR, Our Sex is not alwaies accuſed of inconſtancy, and yet do I now take that law from you: you, I ſay, whoſe oathes gave ſuch faithfull teſtimonies of affection, that I durſt not doubt of it, for feare of offending my ſelfe: And yet hath the wind carried away your words, but not your love, for you never had any: ſo that now when I blame my ſelfe for having believed you, I praiſe my ſelfe withall, for imitating you, but alwaies with the ſorrow of not being your example: for it was fit I ſhould precede you, as your *Miſtris*,

Sir, Though at the preſent,
Your ſervant.

A Letter.

Miſtris, It is well to be ſeene that you have no love, ſince you have eyes to ſee my unwerthineſſe. Love is blinde, you ſhould be ſo too in regard of my merits let it ſuffice you that I love you, and that I adore you, even as the faireſt and moſt perfect creature on earth.

A Letter from a deſpairing Lover.

THere is no creature *Madam*, ſo bereaved of reaſon or deprived of ſence, which being oppreſſed with direfull calamities feeleth not by meere inſtinct of nature a preſent medicine for his malady, man only accepted, who by reaſon of his want may juſtly accuſe the injurous powers of injuſtice, the Vnicorne being ſicke recovers his health by ſwallowing the buddes of a date tree, the Deere being ſtrucken feedes on the hearbe *Dictamum*, and recovers; but man hath no ſecret ſalve ſo excellent, nor plaiſter ſo perfect by whoſe ſecret vertues he

may appeaſe his paſſions: this *Madam* I now know by proofe, and therfore ſpeak by experience; for your divine beauty and the perfections of your mind have kindled ſuch a flame in my heart that by no meanes I can quench, but it will turne my body into dry earth, and cinders; unleſſe by the drops of your pity, it be ſpeedily extinguiſhed: therefore faire one, now at laſt be mercifull, and let not my ſervice and loyall love be recompenced with ſuch diſloyall refuſals: ſtrive not for my life, ſince you have my liberty, ſeeke not my death, ſince you are the ſaint to which I offer up my devotions: *Madam*, let the ſweet balme of your benevolence ſalve the ſore which ſo painfully afflicteth my carefull conſcience, and with the dew of your grace redeeme him from miſery whoſe life or death ſtandeth in your anſwer, which I hope ſhall be ſuch as belongeth to the deſert of my love, and the graces of your beautifull mind.

Farewell.

Her

Her answer.

IT is impossible *Sir*, to straine moist liquor out of the dry flint, to procure a heate in that which is key cold, or to force the sturdie streames to runne against their common course, know *Sir*, you are the man I loath, but cannot like; make therefore a vertue of your necessity and asswage the flame your selfe, which I know not who else will quench, by an importunate persisting in thy purpose where no hope is, thou provest thy selfe rather a desperate sot, then a discreet Souldier: take my nay therefore for an answer: if I would I cannot: and if I could, I would not, so farewell.

No way yours.

To one who is not really what she seemes.

ADmire not though I raile against thy follies, since thy mercilesse minde hath misled me by thy ingratitude, and thy imperfections have delineated these impressions of my penne: for thy beauty, if I admired it

once it was when I knew not that thy ill conditions like bad commodities, were to be put off with it, but now making uſe of reaſon: I queſtion whether at that time I had ſence: perſwade thy ſelfe therefore, if I were to dye preſently, and thou wert part of that I ſhould leave the world, I would bequeath thee with thy good face, and bad conditions for a legacy to my moſt inveterate enemy. And for my owne part whilſt I doe ſurvive, and thy remaining upon this earth, doth yet afflict me, be confident faire painted Sepulcher, I will epitomize all thy vices, that the world by reading thy volume may ſhun thee as the only obſtacle to felicity, and learne the wages of vertue, by thoſe things that are thy contraries, for the preſent: admire not though this paper be ſtained with the blemiſhes of thy ill name, ſince nature her ſelfe was deceived which beſtowed her features ſo raſhly, and inconſiderately on thee, certainely thou wert ordained to rectifie my mind, that by thee, I might learne to know that a good face is not alwaies exempted from a hoarſe voyce, I proteſt to thee I would not buy the diſtempers of thy ſoule at ſo high a rate as to injoy thy beauty, much

much rather wil I endeavour to expreſſe my gratitude to heaven, in that I faile not to practiſe this reſolution.

Never to injoy thee.

Her Anſwer.

WOnder not *Sir*, though you ſee an anſwer to your franticke letter, do you thinke by brawling like a begger to become a King? No *Sir*, as I know your knavery, ſo I paſſe not for it, neither can your bragges goe for payment, I marvaile not though your dogged letters ſavour of *Diogenes* doctrine, you Cinicall Dunce, what felicity can you have in byting thoſe of whom otherwiſe thou canſt not be revēg'd? Indeed gentle Balaams Aſſe; if I had bin ſo light to have loved you, for feeding my fancy on thy ill favoured face, I might juſtly have reapt ſuch profit, ſince I then have filled my eyes ſo full with the figure of a foole; hereafter keep your Letters Patents in your beggers boxe, adieu *Sir* dunce, the more you miſlike me, the better I love my ſelfe, whilſt I account it the greateſt felicity of *S. M.*

To be rid of ſuch a foole.

A Letter from a distressed lover.

MAdam, as my cares proceed from your cruelty, so let the effects of your courtesie procure my blisse, since the perfections of your beauty have made me miserable, let me begge of you to send the messenger of present consolation to him that pineth away, and is yours only and ever,

Still in hope.

A Letter from a lover professing constancy.

THey who have the honour to see you run a dangerous fortune: if they love you, they are saucy; if they love not, they are without judgement: now faire creature, I have chosen that which is most after my humour; and from which it is impossible for me to withdraw my selfe, thinke it not hard Cruell Diana, that having seene you, I love you: if this boldnesse deserve punishment, you caused it, and it is no more in my choice, for I must while I live, be your servant, or not be alive, Farewell.

A

A letter from an inconſtant lover.

I Write not now to tell you that I love, for you have believed it but too well, but to aſſure you that I ſhall love you no more, perhaps you may be amaz'd at this alteration, for you have alwaies loved me above my deſires; but that which drawes me from you is, I muſt confeſſe your misfortune that will no longer continue to you the pleaſure of our loves, or rather my good fortune which will have me no longer ſtay at ſo poore a thing. And to the end you may live to complaine of me, I bid you for ever, Farewell.

Her anſwer.

SIR, It was your arroganey perſwaded your I loved you, wherein you were moſt infinitely miſtaken, I ſweare to thee by all the merits which thou thinkſt thou haſt but are not in thee, there was never any ſuch likely matter, as for the

Letter thou haſt ſent me I cannot be unthankefull to thee for the pleaſure thou haſt done me in it, ſince it hath taught me to reject hereafter the importunities of ſuch coxcombes as your ſelfe, in the mean time be as content as I am, in being freed of ſuch a burden: beleeve me *Sir*, it is no ſmall happineſſe. Farewell.

A Lover to his inconſtant Miſtris.

IT is not to complaine of you Miſtris, that I take up my pen, but onely to deplore my misfortunes which make me ſo contemned of you, ſince at other times you were not wont to uſe me in this ſort, I am the ſame man that have ſerved you in all reſpective ſubmiſſion, and you are the ſame that at firſt were mine, ſince you received me for yours. I am become no leſſe, nor you greater; if it be ſo, why doe you not judge me worthy of the ſame entertainement? I have called my ſoule to an account for her actions, ſince it pleaſeth you, I will diſplay them all before your eyes: for my part, I cannot accuſe any one of them, if you ſhall judge otherwiſe when

when you have heard them, it ſhall be no ſmall conſolation to the poore condemned to know at leaſt the cauſe of his puniſhment; adieu cruell one.

A Letter.

IF love taught me as well to ſpeak my torment, as to ſuffer it, my pitty would make you ſenſible of my plaints, but dumb in their too much ſufferance. I have but my conſtancy, for remedy, that is all my hope; your ſweetneſſe, for my deſire; and your command, for mine honour, *Miſtris*, for my quality is,

Your moſt humble Servitour.

Another.

SInce your merits cauſe my torment, I wil never complaine: the more rigorous you ſhall be, the more conſtantly I will oppoſe all my reſpects, to your neglects; my honours, to your diſdaines; and my fire, to your ice: if I breath, it ſhall be love; if I

ſigh, it ſhall be in paſſion for your ſervice: In a word, if I be, I ſhall be,

Miſtris, Your ſervitour.

Letter.

TO have no ſoule, but to adore you; to have no heart, but to love you; and but one only life, for your ſervice; have you not cauſe to complaine? You, whoſe beauty hath ſo many charmes, and merits, ſo many baites, that one would deteſt this name of liberty, to dye your ſlave. Should one talke of miracles, you are the example; in diſcourſe of rarities, you are the compariſon: ſo that Heaven and nature are in diſpute, for whom you were made. Now to ſay, I am your ſervitour, that is a quality too high: to ſay I am your ſlave, that's yet too lofty. Behold my Surname, now give me what name you pleaſe.

Letter.

Letter.

IF for desiring death, one were to loose his life, I should have beene gon long since: for too much love, makes me hate my selfe: but mee thinkes the more I live, I still lengthen my daies: and that being wretched, I ought to live the longer: I flie that which flies me, the grave: so as I have neither comfort of my life, nor hope of my death. And thus I am,

Mistris, Alwaies your servitour.

Another.

TO love, and not to be loved, is to live without hope, and by consequent, to die. Have you resolved my death, and by disdaining my services, to forget them for requitall? It is too much rigour, for your beauty: you will confesse it one day, but too late for your repentance, for I shall no longer by consequence subsist, as I am for the present, *Mistris*, The most humble of all *Your* servants.

A Letter.

Miſtris, Thus to forbid me to love you, and to will me not to honour you, what would you have me to doe (*my deare?*) I muſt change my heart, if I would change my Miſtris; and Nature muſt give me other inclinations, to deprive you of my reſpects, and of my obedience: forbid me to live rather; I will dye, but it ſhall be for love, and ſo at the price of my dayes, I ſhall doe you ſervice; leaving this truth, for a remembrance to after times.

A Letter from a gentleman to his Miſtris.

IT is you, *faire creature*, that have gained this advantage upon me, that I forget my ſelfe, to remember you perpetually. Do not thinke, that unleſſe I ſee you ſhortly, I can longer ſurvive, whereby I might continue the affection of my ſervices to you, So that two things will infallibly bring me to my grave; your abſence, and my griefe, for not acquit-

acquitting me towards you, as I desire. Choose now (*faire soule*) whether you had rather have me dead for your content, or to see me daily offer you up the fruits of my services, upon the altar of your merits, in the quality of

Your most loyall, and most affectionate Servitour.

A Letter of a Gentleman, evill spoken of for the love of his Mistris.

SOme one that is envious of my happinesse, had a minde to calumniate me towards you, and to perswade you, that I have shewed some testimonies of affection to another besides you, who have sooner believed it of me then I should have done of you, if the like had beene reported to me. Shall I accuse you then? Or shall I excuse my selfe? For you make me an overture for both. Should I excuse my selfe? That would make me guilty in some sort: and if I accuse you not, I shall witnesse that I honour you, and love you still, as your owne faithfull purchase.

A Letter of a difference betwixt a Gentleman, and his Mistris.

I Thinke it was no inviolable vow that was betwixt us, when we sware so solemnly. But for ought I can learne, the change hath better pleased you, then the continuance of my services, I know not whom I shall accuse, you, or I; for possibly the long time I have beene without seeing you, is the cause of it, or else you have beene drawne to it by your owne naturall condition, Make me such an answer as you please. No earthly thing shall hinder me from loving you, for I had rather choose a thousand deaths, than to be inconstant in my love: and will flie, with the hazzard of my life, the reproach of disloyalty (whether you wil or no.)

Your servitour inviolably.

A Letter of a Gentleman, after a visit to a Lady.

Mistris, the honour I received in the late visite I made to my deare Cozen at your house, hath so obliged me to both of you, that I thought I should commit a hainous fault, if by some honest endeavour, I should not witnesse a feeling of it. If ever I have the happinesse to see you at my home, which is yours, I shall endeavour to make you as welcome, as I can; and doe conjure you to come see my Sister, as you have promised her; otherwise, farewell all friendship; not so nevertheless, but that the meane while I desire to continue,

Mistris, Your Cozen, and
best friend.

A

A Letter, of a fond Maid, that disdained the service and love of a gallant Gentleman; who was counselled to disdaine her also.

FOrsake that Maide, that forsakes you, and no more remember her forgetfulnesse. She hath changed, to change your mishap. She hath changed, that she might not change her natures inconstancy; Her small acquaintance, should make you know her fault. Your good judgement, may shew you what a little she hath. You cannot but get by the losse of her. If you lose a sweet heart, you gaine a liberty; you should keepe some love for your selfe, and not cast it all away from you. If you love something, do not hate your selfe for all that. If fortune give you any thing, she will be well rewarded. If she take a heart from you, think it was not yours. Whereſoever you go, tarry with your content, and love not what is contrary to you; unlesse you will contrary him, that loves you dearely,

Even to the Grave.

A brave reply of a Gentleman to his Miſtris by way of Deriſion.

Eſcopites,

THe ſmall ſhot of your beauty, doth enough ſinge the doublet of my ſoule, without the Canion of your rigour to break the very bones of my pretences. You have enough forraged the plaines of my heart, without moreover billeting there the Regiment of deſpaire, which runnes after me, even to the ruine of my life. Alas! I pray you doe not let thoſe Carabins of diſdaine eate up the bread of my hopes, nor beate up the bongues of my fidelity, that are ſo full of good wine of patience. I have ſo often told you, that as ſoone as the Baker of your bounty, ſhould have heated the Oven of your heart, I would ſet in the bread of my thoughts, But the bad rich man of your judgement, hath deſpiſed my poore Devill of deſire, that is going now to dye in the Hoſpitall. Out alas! Cogs-nigges, what will become of the Goates of my conceits, if this wicked woman of your cruelty, pull the bed from under them of my content-

ment

ment, to make them ſnap at the cruſt of your Ieeres? No, I beleeve the bottle of my perſeverance once broken, you will bewaile the *Orleans* wine of my devotion, when you will get none elſe, but ſome tart wines of faining, which will vexe the tongue of your knowledge. But if you rid your hands of that vicious horſe of your diſtruſt, I believe the reſt will not ruſh upon the *Bibets* of my thoughts, which hold the bridle of conſtancy. What ever befals, the Pilgrims of my deſignes, deſiring the Scollop ſhels of your friendſhip, will be ſtill grobling in the dirt of good courage. But if the ſeete of my offers, take bladders of refuſall, farewell *Cupid's* voyage. The vintages of my ſervices will be ſoone done, if the haile of your pride blaſt the grape of my purſuite. But whilſt the ſythe of your judgement, moves the graſſe of your rigeurs, I ſhall ever kiſſe the hands of your perfections, and make my ſelfe an everlaſting wood of the fire of your beauty.

A

A Letter of holy love betweene two lovers, containing three letters beſides.

YOu have made me feele, *faire Caliſtena*, the ardent ſparkles of your frendſhip; the memory whereof I ſhall ſtill honour, and eſteeme my ſelfe a great deale the more happy, if my happineſſe may prove more extreame, when I ſhall burne in its flames, wherein my ſoule ſhall live with a thouſand delights, and my heart reſume new life in its aſhes. And that I may be condemned to this wiſhed puniſhment, doe not let your faire mind conceive any doubt of my loves eternity, ſince conſtancy ſhall bee ever its faithfull companion, and that the fire which kindled it, can never be quenched, ſhould it be combated by the Ice proceeding from that feare you might have of your enviers. And if it were ſo, yet would it melt, as ſoon as you ſhould but contemplate the Sunne-beames of my diſcretion. You may as well aſſure your ſelfe of the effect of my words,

as

as I doe of the consummation of my hope; which have none other scope, then to serve your merits, and to fit up to your use.

Your faithfull *Floridon*, &c.

A Letter in answer.

YOur desires are my lawes (*deare Floridon*) and your loyalty cannot finish but with mine: they shall both alike shine bright over our lives, and nourish themselves with our flames; wherein I shall thinke me very happy to live with you. That silence which knit up my tongue at your faire discources, proceeded only out of feare: you might know that, by my exteriour signes, which sufficiently shewed you, how sorely it grieved me: but with you only: for I would not have you think me in any sort afraid of the scorching sparkes of the envious, since nothing can withstand that faithfull love, which from henceforward is contracted, by

Your deare *Calista*, &c.

Anoth er

Another.

IF my ſtedfaſt love were not anſwered, by yours (*deare Caliſta*) I ſhould have reaſon to complaine of you, and my complaints would be ſo ſtout, as not to give way to ought, but torments. But muſt I needs open the gates to ſorrows, when your Letter is an article of my faith, and that you ſuffer a thouſand tortures for my love? I doubt not, but envie hath been buzzing ſomething in my Parents eares of our loves, and that Felicity her ſelfe, as jealous of our contentments, might put ſuch a poore tricke upon us. But you have ſo faire a ſoule, and ſo generous, that you will conſtantly repulſe all thoſe onſets to honour ſtill, with your love,

Your faithfull *Floridon.*

A Letter in answer.

PLeasures are of short continuance, and their faire daies are too soone eclipsed, we cannot promise our selves a long enjoyment of them, since they are in the hands of the great *IEHOVAH.* It is constancy that gives us happinesse, after all our adversities. You are the subject of my by-past sorrow (*deare Floridon*) but now your presence serves mee for Sunne-beames: though indeed some doubts of future obstacles doe even bury mee in an obscure night of anguish. And were it not that joy followes sorrow, I had ere this skipt over the step of this life of mine, to be freed of my paine. But, time will one day give us the happinesse to make each other amends, by receiving usury for our patience. Bee comforted

forted then in your ſelfe, and conſider ſo well with your diſcretion (though I bee thus in my feares) that there wants nothing but the Spire of our felicities, which we ſhall attaine to I hope ſhortly, or it ſhall be no fault of hers, who is

Your faithfull CALISTA
in as much as you deſire
with honour.

Stiles and Tearmes used to The King, or Queenes Majesty, either in our Speech, or in Superscriptions of Petitions directed to them.

If you present any thing.

Sir, May it please your Majesty.

If you write in forme of a petition to the King.

Sir, May it please your Majesty to understa nd, or to grant.

To the Queene.

Madam, May it please your Majesty.

On the Superscription of some businesse, directed both to the King *and* Queene.

To the most Excellent, and most Mighty, *Caesar Augustus*.

To the most Excellent, most Mighty Lady the *Queene*.

A Stile used by Men of Quality, whe they speake to the King.

Sir, May it pleaſe your Majeſty.

To the Queene.

Madam, May it pleaſe your Majeſty.

Stiles uſed to the Nobility in our Superſcriptions are diverſe, but the moſt general are theſe.

If to an Arch-Biſhop.

To the moſt Reverend Father in God.

If to a Biſhop.

To the right Reverend Father in God.

If to a Noble man, eminent in place.

To the Right Honourable.

Or otherwiſe.

To the Honourable.

To perſons of inferiour degrees.

To the worſhipfull.

Otherwiſe.

To the worſhipfull.

Diviſions of Letters.

AMorous, loving Letters.
Morall, civill Letters.
Oeconomicall, houſehold Letters.
Politicall, witty Letters.

Excuſatory,

Excuſatory, Defenſive Letters.
Petitionary, Letters of Requeſt.
Gratulatory, Letters of Thankes.
Nuncupatory, Letters of Newes.

Subſcriptions, with Subſcriptions adjoyned to them, as they are moſt properly applyed.

TO the High and moſt Mighty Monarch.

Your Majeſties moſt faithfull and obedient Subject.

To the Right Honourable.

Your Honours moſt humble devoted.

To his Honourable Lord.

Your Honours in all duty and ſervice.

To the Honourable, and his highly reſpected Lady.

Your Honours to command.

Or, Your Honours devoted.

To the worthy and Noble.

Ever yours to ſerve you.

To the Right Honourable and his highly eſteemed Patron,

Your Honours obſervant.

To his moſt loving Father.

Your obedient Sonne,

To his dearely beloved Wife.

Your moſt loving Husband.

To his loving Vncle.

Your obſervant kinſman.

To the honourable Colonel.

Yours ſworne to worthineſſe;

To the onely life of his deſires.

Your afflicted friend.

To the fulneſſe of his contentment.

Your living and dying friend.

To the onely hope of his fortunes.

The honourer of your matchleſſe perfections.

To the noble and truly vertuous Gentlewoman;

Yours in death it ſelf.

To his beſt choyce.

Yours, in the midſt of feare.

To his virtuous, and dearely beloved.

Yours ever reſolved.

To the Miſtris of his thoughts.

Yours, dying in Conſtancy.

To his beloved friend.

Yours aſſured.

To the lovingeſt of all my friends.

Yours

Yours inſeparably.

To his highly eſteemed friend.

Yours, as I have profeſſed,

To his tried and truſty friend.

Not living without you.

To his honourable friend.

Yours in true friendſhip.

To his newly diſpleaſed friend.

Yours, if you wrong her not.

To her beſt reſolved friend.

Yours whereſoever.

To his well adviſed friend.

Yours, and vertues.

To his loving, and long expected friend.

Yours, with good wiſhes.

To his reſpected friend.

Yours, well aſſured.

To his approved friend.

Yours in true liberty.

To her much diſquieted friend.

Yours, in honourable love.

To his loving Neece.

Your affectionate kinſman.

To his deareſt Brother.

Yours in all occaſions.

To his well experienced and much eſteemed noble friend.

Yours as ye can desire.
To his well disposed friend.
Yours to trust onely.
To her deareſt Husband.
Your ever loving Wife.
To his much disordered friend.
Yours in reformation.
To his unkinde friend.
Yours, if you will have it so.
To his ill advised Sonne.
Your displeased Father.
To his miserable rich friend.
Yours, if you can be your owne.
To the worthy Lady.
Yours, as a lover of Honour.
To her unkinde Husband.
Your true Wife till death.
To his perjur'd, and lascivious Wife.
Your Husband if you do not divide him.
To her jealous husband.
Yours in her very thoughts.
To his suddenly displeased friend.
Yours, When you conceive aright of me.
To his well resolved friend.
Yours, whilst mine owne.
To her unkind friend.
Yours, and yet displeased.

To

To his honourable and good friend.

Yours, if you thinke me worthy.

To his well esteemed friend.

Yours most dutifull if you will accept of Humiliation.

To his true helping friend.

Yours recovered.

To his worthy friend, adventurer in the Straites.

Yours individed, though farre off.

To his Noble and constant friend.

Yours, though amongst Infidels.

To his respected and worthy friend.

Yours, as you have made me.

To his carefull friend.

Yours, mindfull of you.

To the worthy Doctor.

Your sicke Patient.

To his honourable Captaine.

Yours, though wenever meet againe.

To his approved friend.

Yours in all places andat all times.

To his especiall friend.

My owne, if in your memory.

To the most perfect of Women.

Yours in the midst of temptation.

To his honourable enemy.
Yours, ready for all dangers.
To his well deſerving friend.
Yours unfainedly.
To his over ſuſpicious friend.
Yours, to truſt onely.
To his wilfull, aud ſeduced friend.
Your poore abuſed friend.

For the Readers greater pleaſure and variety, theſe Subſcriptions onely are here placed by themſelves.

YOur carefull Father.
Your dutifull Sonne.
Your loving Maſter.
Your obedient Servant.
Vſque ad aras.
The unfortunate.
Your well wiſhing friend.
In all humble duty.
Ever thine.
Thy diſcontented friend.
In all obedience.

Faith-

Faithfully yours.
Thy true friend.
Yours, more than mine owne.
Never leſſe his owne.
Thy moſt conſtant friend.
As you ſhall determine of me
Affectionately devoted to your ſervice.
Your loving Landlord.
Your Worſhips poore Tenant to command.
Thy ſometimes friend.
Yours not ſafe till I enjoy you.
Yours irremovably.
Yours prepared to ſuffer.
Yours, in boundleſſe affection.
Your ſervant.
Your Honours friend.
Yours moſt paſſionatly, loyally, and perpetually devoted.
Yours, as farre as modeſty will ſuffer me.
Yours, if you pleaſe to accept of me.
Yours, as I find cauſe.
Your beſt Counſellor.
Your injured Miſtris.
Your affectionate poore friend,
Once thy Friend.
Your intire Vaſſall,
Remaining your friend.

Yours, in reſpective duty.
Yours, as a lover of vertue.
Yours, fearefully loving,
Yours, well affected.
Your plaine and true friend.
Your Worſhips to be commanded.
Your friend to his ability.
Animæ dimidium tuæ.
Yours in unutterable affection.
Your loyall Wife.
Your impriſoned friend.
No longer your friend.
Yours wholly, and onely, if you will.
Yours, ſo I may be my owne.
Thine, or not his ſelfe.
Your diſtreſſed Debtor.
Yours, as you ſhall deſerve by your ſervice.
Your ſorrowfull friend.
Yours, what you will.
Your forſaken friend.
Your vowed ſervant.
Your enemy, till death.
Your friend, whether you will or no.
Your true love.
Yours ever.
One, alwayes yours.
Thine owne from all the world.

Yours,

Yours, in all good ſort to be entertained.
Your friend confirmed in all fidelity.
Thine to the end.
Deſirous of your reformed imagination.
Yours, more ſorry for your ill conditions, then for the wrong you have done me.
Your faithfull and ready friend.
Your moſt humble and paſſionate Servant.
Yours, in the infringable bonds of affection.
The ſervant of your worthy virtues.
Yours, moſt reſpectfully engaged.
Your ever friend and Servant.
Your Lordſhips unfained honourer, and loyall Servant.

A Table for the understanding of the hard ENGLISH words, contained in this worke.

A.

Acute Wittie.
Amiable Lovelie.
Apt Fit.
Austere Sharpe.
Aspire To look high.
Abstemious Temperate.
Amplifie To inlarge.
Advertise To advise.
Augment To increase.
Aspect To looke upon.
Absurd Foolish.
Applaud To like.
Altitude Hight.
Acknowledgment Confession.
Attractive Drawne to.
Aspiration Breathing.
Abhorre To hate.
Audacious Bold.
Alacrity Cheerefulnesse.
Apparent Open.
Abjure To forswcare.
Active Nimble.
Anguish Griefe.
Appertinence Belonging to
Auspicious Betokening successe.
Abruptly Unorderly.
Ambiguity Doubtfulnes.
Arrogant Proud.
Accommodate To make fit.
Aggravate To make more grievous.
Adverse Contrary.
Apprehension Understanding.
Affable Courtrous.
Artificially Workemanlike.
Affectation Curiositie.
Academy University.
Amity Friendship.
Abbreviate To shorten.
Ardent Hot.
Adorne To beautifie.
Antipathie Contrariety.
Adore To worship
Affectionate Loving.
Accurate Curious.
Act To doe, or to performe.

Accident

Accident Chance.
Assent To agree to.
Accomplish To finish.
Amaze To strike with wonder.
Admire To wonder at.
Absolutely Fully.
Adventure To hazzard.

B

Beneficial Profitable.
Blisse Happinesse.
Bashfull Blushing.
Brevity Shortnesse.
Benevolence Goodwill.
Bruit Report.
Barbarian A rude person.
Beatitude Blessednesse.
Besiege To set upon or Court.

C

Complexion Constitution of body.
Convince To confute.
Credulity Rashnesse of beleefe.
Celestiall Heavenly.
Ciuill Honest behaviour.
Comprehend To contain
Circumspect Heedy.
Celebrate To keepe solemnly.
Compassion Pittie.
Consequent Following by order.
Correspondent Answerable.
Contrite Sorrowfull.
Capacity Largenesse of place.
Circumstance Quality of time and place.
Condescend To agree to.
Cogitation Thought
Catastrophy The end.
Credible To be beleeved
Contribution Bestowing.
Confirme To establish.
Persuality Chance.
Compose To joyne
Clemency Gentlenesse.
Convenient Fit.
Consecrate to make holy
Center A circle.
Competent Convenient.
Circumvent To deceive.
Compendious Short.
Certifie To give to understand.
Conferre To talke together.
Corrivals Partners in affection.
Contract To covenant.
Circumscribe To compasse about.
Commencement The beginning.
Contemptible To bee despised.
Commemoration Remembring.
Circumlocution Many words
Converse To be familliar.
Continent Chaste.
Charmes Spels or witch craft.
Conduct Guiding, governing.

Curiosity

Curiosity Neatenesse.

D

Dire Cruell.
Distracted Mad.
Divert To turne from another.
Direct To guide.
Divulge To publish.
Delineat To draw a proportion.
Desist Leave off.
Dissimilitude Unlikenesse.
Disperse To scatter abroad.
Deity God-head.
Disloyall Untrusty.
Distinguish To put a difference.
Decipher To describe or lay open.
Distant Place betweene.
Dispose To appoint.
Deformed Ill shapen.
Disturbe To disquiet.
Dialect A manner of speech.
Define To show what a thing is.
Dissolve To unloose.
Disswade To perswade to the contrary.
Discusse To search narrowly.
Digresse To leave a matter.
Decent Comely.
Disannull To make void.
Dilate To inlarge.
Destitute Forsaken.
Defame To slander.
Destinated. Appointed.
Disputable Questionable
Determine To conclude.
Dedicate To give over.
Dismisse To send away.
Difficult Hard.
Defraud To deceive.
Desertion Leaving.
Display To spread abroad.
Dexterity Aptnesse.
Dejected Cast downe.
Demeanor Behaviour.
Diffuse To poure out.
Disability Unableneesse.
Deprive To take away.
Disjunction Dividing.
Deride To mocke.
Dismall Unluckie.
Diffident Doubtfull,
Delude to deceive.
Dissent To disagree.
Depend To hang upon.
Deliberate To take counsell.
Dehort To perswade to the contrary.
Degenerate To fall off from goodnesse.
Defects Weakenesse of capacity.
Dissipate Scatter abroad.

E

Expression Laying open of.
Expert Skilfull.
Extract To draw out.
Exact Perfect.
Erroneous Full of errors.
Effect A thing done.
Embleme A shadow of a thing.
Evident Plaine.
Expect To wait or look for.
Exempt Free.
Extinguish To put out.
Efficacy Force.
Enflame To set on fire.
Expedient Fit.
Expire To dye.
Extenuate To lessen.
Essence The being of a thing.
Eccho A sound.
Experiment Tryall.
Extend To spread forth.
Elaborate Curious.
Exhibite To bestow.
Expostulate To chide with.
Evasion A escape.
Eclipse Darkenesse of the Sunne.
Extempore Without studie.
Exanimate To trouble the mind.
Education Bringing up.
Epithete A title given to any thing.
Expence Cost.
Exasperate To anger.
Evitable To be shunned.
Excessive Too much.
Effeminate Too womanish
Exorable To be intreated
Elegancy Finenesse of speech.
Expedition Speed.
Exigent Necessity.
Election Choise.
Explicite Unfolded.
Eloquution Good expression.
Exile Banished.
Explicate To declare.
Estimate Price or rate.
Enjoy Keep or possesse.
Engaged Indebted.
Event End, successe.
Extraordinary More then common.

F

Frivolous Trifeling.
Fortunate Happy.
Fiction A tale.
Fatall Mortall.
Fortitude Valor.
Fervent Hot.
Fulgent Glistring.
Figurative Shadowed.
Faculty Power or ability
Finite Having an end.
Fruition Injoying.
Fabulous Fained.
Fraudulent Deceitfull
Fragrant Smelling sweet
Fallacy Deceit.
Fidelity Trustines.
Fantasie Imagination.
Felicity Happinesse.

Feature

Feature Shape.
Foundation Ground work
Falsifie To breake ones word.

G

Gratifie To pleasure
Genuine Naturall.
Graculate To be glad.
Generosity Nobility.
Glorifie To give honour.

H

Habitude Disposition
Heroicall Beseeming a Nobleman.
Harmony Agreement.
Hereditary By succession
Habit Apparell.

I

Improper Unfit.
Incident Hapning.
Introduction Entrance.
Issue Event.
Immature Unripe.
Improvident Careless.
Irefull Angry.
Iudicious Understanding
Indulgence Sufferance.
Imprudent Ignorant.
Illustrate To make plain
Inamoured In Love.
Immutable Unchangeable
Ineffable Unspeakable.
Include Shut in.
Ignoble Of base birth.
Interpret To expound.
Insolent Proud.
Incurre To run into.
Invective Speaking against.
Indignation Anger.
Immaculate Unspotted.
Incommodious Hurtfull.
Instinct An inward motion.
Intricate Doubtfull.
Improbable Not to bee proved.
Interrupt To let.
Induce, To move to.
Impediment Hinderance.
Incommunicable Not to be imparted.
Intolerable Insufferable
Intercept To prevent.
Impenetrable Not to bee pierced.
Insist To stay upon.
Indecent Not comely.
Interdict To forbid.
Imperious Desiring rule.
Infallible Not deceivable
Institute To appoint.
Intimate To signifie.
Intermission Breaking off
Implore Desire with teares.
Impertinent Not pertaining.
Implacable Not to bee pleased.
Insult To triumph
Incompatible Insufferable
Instable Inconstant.
Individual Not to be parted.

Inspire

Inſpire To breath into.
Inculpable Without fault
Incomprehenſible Not to be conceived.
Inſenſible Not to bee perceived.
Incredulous Hardly to be beleeved.
Inſeparable Not to bee divided.
Intentive Earneſtly bent
Integrity Pureneſſe.
Inſenſity Without feeling
Indiſpoſition Backwardneſſe.

L

Linguiſt Skilfull in tongues.
Lenitie Gentleneſſe.
Labyrinth Full of windings.
Lovall Obedient, truſty.
Languishing Pining.
Literature Learning.
Laudible Worthy of praiſe
Laſcivious Wanton.
Luſter Brightneſſe.

M

Molliſie To make ſoft.
Maxime A principle.
Mutable Changeable.
Manifeſt Open.
Metamorphoſis Changing of ſhape.
Magnificent Sumptuous.
Mitigate Aſſwage.
Mentall Belonging to the mind.
Malecontent Diſcontent.
Mature Ripe.
Mirror A glaſſe.
Metaphor Similitude.
Muſes Goddeſſes of learning.
Menace To threaten.
Morality Civill behaviour.
Multiplicity Variety.
Magitians Sorcerers witches.
Melancholy Grieke, ſadneſſe.
Merits Deſerts.

N

Nvptiall Belonging to marriage.
Notion Inward knowledge.
Nuncupatory Declaring.
Native, Where one is borne.

O

Oppoſite Contrary.
Odious Hate.
Original First beginning
Obſcure Dark.
Object a thing ſet against
Oratory Eloquent ſpeech
Obſequious Serviceable.
Officious Dutifull.
Obdurate Hardened.
Omit To let paſſe.
Oprobrious Reprochfull.
Obliged Bound to.
Occurrences Occaſions.
Ominous Signifies good or ill lucke.

Opera-

Operation Effect
Observant Dutifull.
Odoriferous Smelling sweetly.
Ornament Adorning.
Opprobrious Reproachful.
Ordained Appointed.

P

PRopitious favourable
Ponderous Waighty.
Period End of a sentence
Prolixe Tedious.
Persist To continue.
Parragon A patterne or example.
Prostrate To fall on the ground.
Perplexity Trouble.
Placable Easie to please.
Progresse Going forward
Position A question disputed.
Paradoxe A strang speech
Project A plot.
Prefixed Set before.
Patronize To defend.
Promiscuous Confused.
Perfidious Traiterous.
Polish Make faire.
Prohibit To forbid.
Preterm t to passe over.
Permanent Continuing.
Precipitate To cast down.
Prosecute Follow after.
Prejudice To hinder.
Permission Sufferance:
Procrastinate To delay.
Perspicuous Cleere.
Prescription Limitation.
Participate To partake.
Personate To counterfeit a person.
Probable Proved true.
Perpetuity Continuance.
Phantasie Imagination.
Peculiar Proper.
Patheticall Full of passions.
Perfections Gifts of nature.
Perfumes Sweet swels.
Passionately truly loving
Perpetuall Everlasting.

R

RIgorous Cruell.
Repulse To drive backe.
Rusticall Unmannerly.
Reject to cast away.
Reduce To bring backe.
Revolve To determine in the mind.
Resemblance Likenesse.
Ratifie To confirme.
Resigne To give to another.
Repeale To call backe againe.
Repute To esteeme:
Resplendent Shining bright.
Ridiculous To be laught at.
Reserve To keepe.
Reall Substantiall.
Reiterate Repeat againe.
Respite To defer.
Remit To forgive.
Refractory Obstinate.
Reassume To take again.
Remunerate Reward.
Reliques The remainder
Reference Pointing at.

Regall

Regall Princely.
Retribution A reward.
Refulgent Shining.
Reflection Casting backe
Reputation Credit, good name.
Reflect To Look, cast an eye.
Remaine To continue constant.
Reprovable To be blamed
Rarities Things hard to be found.

S

Supreame Highest.
Splendent Glistring.
Succeed To follow.
Structure Building.
Serenity Calmnes.
Sympathy Fellow-feeling
Suppoſition Thinking.
Sollicite To move.
Succinct Short.
Suſpence A doubt.
Sable Black or mournful
Submiſſe Lowly.
Superiority above another
Select Choſen out.
Subſequent following.
Spatious Large.
Suſtaine To ſuffer.
Seduce To deceive.
Sublimity Hight.
Survive To outlive.
Soveraigne Highest authority.
Scruple A doubt.
Superfluous Needleſſe.
Symmetry Due proportion of parts.
Senſuall Brutish.
Stupifie To astonish.
Simplicity Plainnes.
Subſiſt To abide.
Society Fellowship.
Servile Slavish.
Sutable Agreeable.
Suſpitious Doubtfull.

T

TResſes Locks of haire
Tranſcendent Climing over.
Timorous Fearefull.
Triumphant Rejoycing in victory.
Tedious Troubleſome.
Transforme To change.
Terrene Earthly.
Tranquillity Quietnes.
Tolerable May bee ſuffered.
Tragicall Sorrowfull.
Temporize To ſerve the times.
Tranſparent May be ſeen
Tenent Opinion.

V

Vniverſall Generall.
Vnanimity Of on mind
Vitall Lively.
Variable Changeable.
Value Esteeme.
Vulgar Common.
Vndervalue Diſcommend
Vigorous Strong & lusty.

W

WReath Garland or Crowne.

FINIS.

Imprimatur.

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